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September, 1925

E. C. CONOVER
Publisher

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Editor

VOL. III

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The Eye of the Law

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Are You Afraid to Face the Truth about YOURSELF?

There are occasions in the life of every man when he realizes how miserably he has fallen below what others had expected of him and what he had dreamed for himself. The "big" man faces the truth and does something about it. The "little" man finds an excuse for his failure, and does nothing. What are *your* answers when you ask yourself questions like these?

Am I not drifting along aimlessly?

What, after all, is my purpose in life?

Once I had real ambitions—are they unattainable?

Am I trusting too much to chance to bring me success?

What is my greatest weak point?

Is it lack of will, poor memory, mental laziness mind-wandering, or what?

Am I too old now ever to do anything worth while?

Am I "licked" by life, am I a "quitter"?

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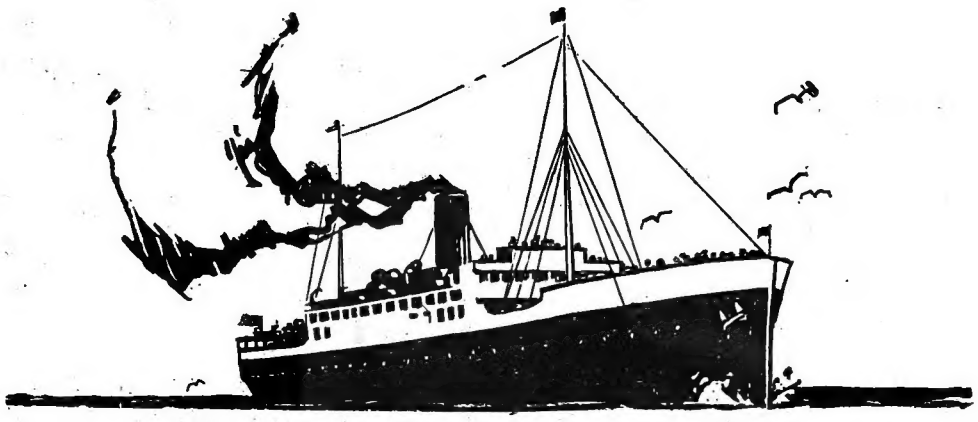

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Drawn by H. Winfield Scott

Giovanni grinned and shook his head. "Me, I would give you the goat herself, sweet Angelica!" he laughed. "But just ask Tomasso."

(See "The Two-Fold Feud", page 9)

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POLICE MAGAZINE

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE
POLICE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 19 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME THREE
NUMBER FIVE

NEW YORK, *September,* 1925

$3.00 FOR THE YEAR
25 CENTS A COPY

Yielding to brother, beloved and a dead man, they departed for New York.

The Two-Fold Feud

A story of youthful love, vindictive persecution, vengeance sworn and justice done

Facts Known to a Friend.
Tragedy Recounted by

Retired Patrolman RUDOLPH TESINY

To

JOSEPH GOLLOMB

Illustrated by H. WINFIELD SCOTT

PART I.

THE two Erico boys were the milkmen of Amalfi; but such milkmen! Imagine anyone writing lush little poems on the milkman as we know him, as the tourist maiden ladies who came to Amalfi used to write about the Erico boys; or painting them from the life as many an artist tried to put on canvas the picture of these boys delivering milk.

In the spring, the opulent, richly colored spring of southern Italy, the Erico boys would come down to Amalfi with their milk train just about sunset. One literally comes down to Amalfi; for Amalfi is on a narrow shelf of land between the rearing mountains and the Mediterranean Sea; a shelf so narrow and mountains so steep that when centuries ago the sea, usually smiling blue, suddenly reared itself up in a great wave and swept on to what was then a city of 70,000 souls, the inhabitants were trapped.

The Erico boys and their milk train could be heard before they were seen. From up the beetling shaggily grown mountain side the evening breeze would bring suddenly a medley of tinkling bells, bleatings and the cheery shouts of two healthy male voices, rapidly descending. Then the lady tourists and the painters would turn to a stone arch bridging the mountain road into the town.

Into the frame of stony arch would rush a flock of brown goats, snow-white goats, tawny goats, mostly she-goats with udders full, but also several bearded males and a dozen or so goatlets, over whose smallness and baby awkwardness the

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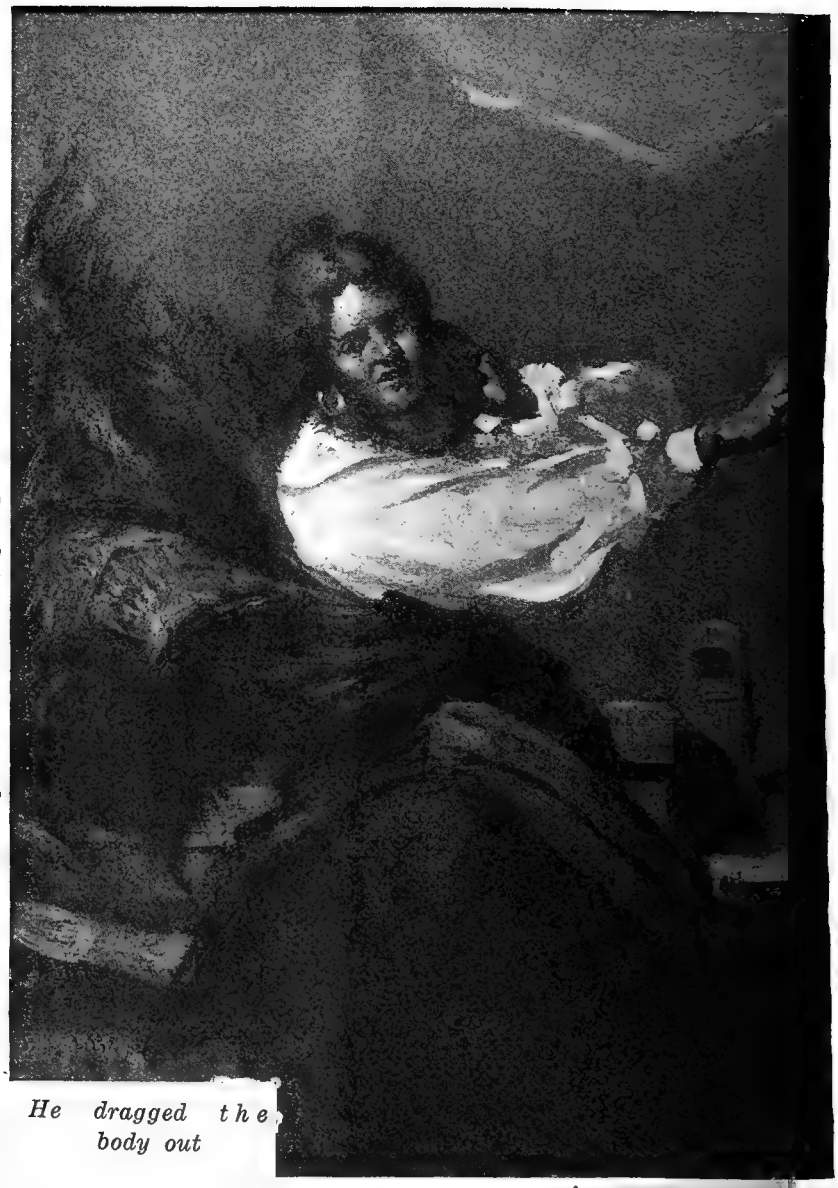
women tourists would croon enthusiasms.

And driving the goats with nothing more cruel than a sprig of olive branch came the two Erico boys. Bronzed and beautifully modelled, with bared muscular chests and bare strong feet, and with white teeth shining as their dark handsome faces lit up in smiles, it was no wonder that ladies wrote lush little poems about them and painters quickly dabbed on the canvases they had set up and tourists clicked away with their kodaks.

The women who came to the doorways of the town liked the Erico boys, too; but not as pictures. They came to buy their excellent milk. As the flock of goats rushed up to a doorway the woman of the house would come down with a saucepan and amidst a tumult of greeting, bleating and tinkling of bells she would point out the particular goat whose milk she had found in the past just right.

Then Tomasso, Erico the younger, a lad of eighteen, would stand astride the chosen goat and hold it firmly with his thighs and calves while his older brother did the milking, directly into the housewife's saucepan. If the goat was a bit restive under the pressure of Tomasso's strong legs Giovanni's touch would somehow reassure it.



He dragged the body out

Every goat in the flock, every dog and chary cat in the town, every child there knew that Giovanni's touch meant only kindness.

"Oh, *Dio mio*, will you never let me have a drop of milk from that snow-white one?" complained one woman, pointing to a silky-fleeced she-goat with bulging udders.

Giovanni grinned and shook his head. "Me, I would give you the goat herself, sweet Angelica!" he laughed. "But just ask Tomasso!"

And he shot a quizzical look at his younger brother. He liked to see the rich flush of confusion deepen the bronze of the boy's face. "Why don't you ask him yourself, Angelica?" Giovanni teased.

"Because I know the answer," she grinned. "I'm not Maria Sanzzo."

And the knot of neighbors set up the hearty affectionate laugh at the eternal joke of a young man in love. Giovanni's laugh was the heartiest. But he watched his younger brother's confusion to see the exact second when the boy really began to be uncomfortable. Precisely at that second Giovanni suddenly brought his teasing to an end and with a cheery commotion drove his flock on to the next customer.

When they came to the door of a little vegetable shop in the Via di Luna Tomasso avoided looking at it, pretending to be busy bringing up the snow-white, soft fleeced queen of the flock for milking. Usually in the doorway of the little shop would be waiting Maria Sanzzo with her saucepan—soft, pretty, desirable Maria with rich brown eyes, black curling hair, a lovely bosom and teeth as white as Tomasso's.

This evening she was late in coming to the doorway; and when she did appear close to her was a man, very much intent on her. Not his the peasant dress of Amalfi—far from it—as far as the Americanized clothing stores on the main streets of Naples. His black hair was pomaded heavily. His heavy black mustache was waxed to rigidity. His squat heavy body was clad in tailored serge, he wore yellow shoes, brightly shined;

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and on his expansive vest disported a heavy gold chain that led to a heavy gold watch.

Giovanni saw him first; for his young brother still kept his eyes averted. But the younger fellow sensed what was in the doorway of the shop from the wordless little growl he heard from his brother. Then Tomasso threw up his head and glared.

The heavy man in the doorway was devouring Maria with his sharp black eyes. Maria herself was eagerly waiting for Tomasso's look. When the eyes of the two met there was a dance of light in them. Then the young man's eyes met squarely the greedy eyes of the man behind Maria. And between the two men there flashed hostility, the quick hot anger of the Italian of the south.

Tomasso stepped up to Maria and taking the saucepan from her hand closed his fingers over hers and kept them there so all the world could see. The heavy man's gaze fastened on Tomasso's fingers as if he would like to burn the youth with it. Tomasso smiled at that; but it was not a pleasant smile.

"Maria, *carissima*," he called, as he helped his brother milk the snow-white goat. "I saw some good ripe grapes on the mountain road to Ravello. You will come with me for a walk there to-night after supper?"

Maria hesitated; not because in her heart she did not leap at the prospect, but because of the scowl in the heavy man's face.

"Grapes!" the other growled. "You come with me to-night, Maria, up to Hoted di Luna and I will give you not mere grapes but the best bottle of *Lachrima Christi* that money can buy!"

Giovanni sprang from the milk-white goat so quickly that the startled animal upset the saucepan. Then the young lover strode over to his rival

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with such impetuousness that Maria stepped in alarm between the two men.

"I'm not offering her money but love!" he shouted.

The heavy man leered. "Yes, that's about all you can offer her, goatherd!"

"Ah, dog of a thief!" Tomasso shouted. "Every one knows where you get *your* money!"

Which was a rash speech to make and Maria screamed as the heavy man reached back to his pocket and tried to pull something from it. She clutched his wrist with both hers and Giovanni threw his arms about his furious young brother. And after five minutes of violent Italian commotion in which the whole neighborhood joined, the two rivals were finally induced to go their ways without bloodshed.

"But something's bound to break out between Tomasso and Nero Gilio," the neighbors chattered about their evening meal. "Tomasso's blood is hot. And I'd rather have the Evil One at my throat than Nero for my enemy Did you hear Tomasso call him a thief?"

When they talked of Nero Gilio the Amalfians almost crossed themselves as they did when they mentioned the Evil One. Nero Gilio kept a wine shop. But even if his trade were good it would never account for the stucco house he owned, the ugly but expensive city furniture in it, the heavy jewelry he wore and the good horses he kept in his stables. Whence came the money wherewith he bought these was what Tomasso hinted at in his rash outburst.

It was known that many letters came to Nero from America; from Naples; from Sicily. Men, strangers, were seen often coming to his house at hours when honest people were in bed. Twice the *carabinieri*, the gallant looking competent national police of Italy, came down on Nero in surprise visits in the dead of night. But each time Nero met them with the impassive, slightly amused smile of his; and the *carabinieri* went away without getting any evidence they were hunting of a powerful gang of extortionists, operating both in Italy and in America.

The Erico brothers, as they sat silent over their evening meal in their little man-managed hut on the edge of the town were the only ones who did not discuss the clash in front of Maria Sanzzo's shop. All through the meal, which the older prepared and served lovingly, the younger man sat glowering and silent. He refused to touch a crumb; and it was only the passionate distress of his older brother that induced him to go through the motions of eating.

Finally the dishes were cleared; and the kerosene lamp was lit. But the full southern moon flooded the world outside and Giovanni eyed it anxiously. His brother was getting ready to meet Maria.

"Tomasso!"' Giovanni broke the sience so sternly that the young lover, absorbed though he was in his own brooding, looked up. "Tomasso, I want you to take our savings and Maria and go away to America! I don't want you to die at the hands of Nero's cut-throats! But if you stay here sooner or later—Tomasso, when you go walking with Maria to-night I want you to keep away from the shadows. And as soon as I sell that bean patch there will be enough for the ship passage!"

At the mention of America Tomasso knew the old dispute was on. But this time his brother strode over and seized his shoulders. Giovanni was only twenty-two himself but his habit of being father and mother to his younger brother made him much more mature.

"Tomasso, you are young and foolish. When I tell you I fear for you you think I am an old woman!"

"No, Giovanni, but I certainly am not going to live in terror of that greasy-haired Nero!" Tomasso shouted. "I'll cut his heart out. the swine, if I see him near Maria again!"

Giovanni shook his head. "Remember what happened to every enemy he ever had in Amalfi. One day Nero takes the train for Milano or Turin, or some other far place. And the same night Nero's enemy is found dead, shot or stabbed or poisoned; or a bomb blows up his home. And all this time Nero himself is in another city as he can prove when the *carabinieri* come. Can you fight Nero's secret society of assassins?"

"Ah, to the devil with them!" was the young man's familiar reply as he flung out into the moonlight.

But he kept his right hand in the pocket where his horn-handled long bladed clasp knife rested. It was a city product, that knife, with a metal knob one pressed so a steel spring could snap the blade into place.

He saw Maria standing in the lamplight before her shop. They clasped hands and walked up to the heights in back of the town. When they got where they could look down on the picturesque town and the shimmering sea they kissed with the intense abandon of their race and years.

But Tomasso was a youth of quick senses. The sound of a stealthy step behind him whirled him about just as Maria screamed. From the tangle of wild grape behind them an arm lunged a blade at Tomasso's back. It caught the boy's shirt and slashed it but missed his flesh as the wiry youth twisted aside.

Then with a headlong plunge Tomasso was in the tangle of vines, his clasp knife out and open. There was a thrashing of two bodies among the vines, a scream from Maria, a snarl from Tomasso, a bubbling cry—and something crashed through vine stalks to the ground.

"Tomasso!" Maria sobbed.

"Here!"

Tomasso's young voice took on a sombre manhood as he stepped out into the path and dragged

(*Continued on page* 52)

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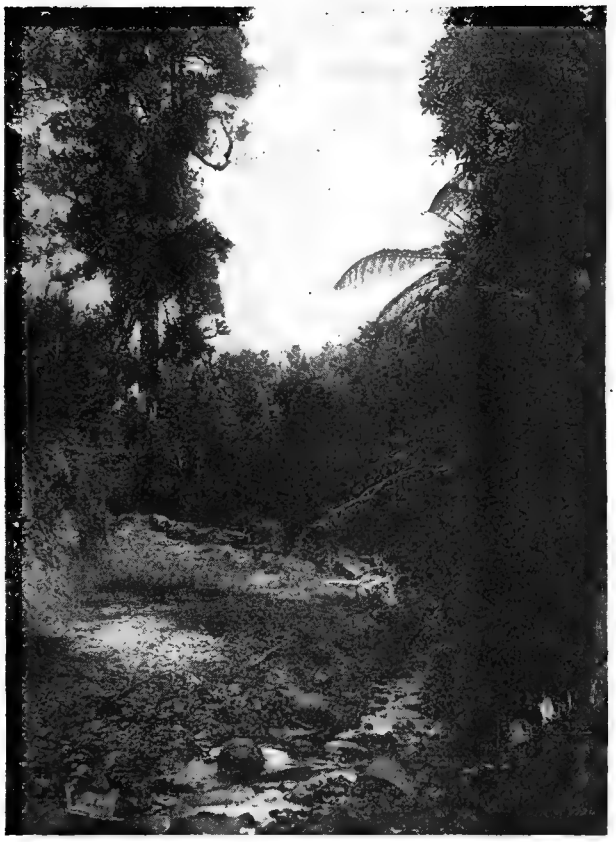

Dank and tangled undergrowth—semi-tropical

A TRIBUTE

to

AUSTRALIA and the POLICE of NEW SOUTH WALES: worthy its traditions

By M. A. SCOTT

Illustrated with photographs by PUBLISHERS SERVICE

FEW fully sense the great expanse, the vastness of Australia, or the splendor of the conquest of its lands. The history of its slowly spreading wave of settlement and of civilization has been a reenactment of North America's colonization. Like Oglethorpe's band disembarked in Georgia its first settlers were convicts, from England's goals. Sentenced to start life anew mid surroundings of forbidding hardship, the strong among them found clean wide-open opportunity which could not be conceived in the squallor of the congested slums in which they would otherwise have been thrust upon discharge from the filthy prisons of the day. A continent was theirs —theirs and their free successors! And bit by bit they won it from its virgin fastness.

The first colony of 1787, landing at barren Botany Bay had moved to the more hospitable shores of Port Jackson. Other convict ships dropped anchor off its coast and debouched their human cargos on its shores. Some faces sullenly set; some indifferent, defeated, yet some determined to win their human heritage anew. Only six years after the first of these, free settlers arrived. Hope and that indomitable desire to see "what lies beyond the range" which has ever driven the pioneer, spread the margins of the scattered nuclei of settlement. Slowly the east coastal colonies were linked and the ragged forefront line of civilization pushed upward to the crest of the Great Dividing Range.

Behind the path finders lay the coastal zone. Varying in width from a few miles to many score, washed by the white crested rollers of the blue Pacific sea it sweeps its endless length two thousand miles from North to South between the barren mountain peaks and sparkling ocean shore. From beetling crag, wide panoramas spread of giant precipice with intervening verdure-bottomed valleys giddy depts below. East-flowing rivulettes and rivers plunge in silvery torrents of spray from mighty cliffs, or tumble foaming cascades, mirroring into stilly pools, bowered in mountain fern. Scattered through the vegetation scaling from the snows of Kosciusko to dank tangled undergrowth, semitropical, bits of rolling meadow and brush-covered seaboard hills furnish foothold for the settler's farm. The coast line weaves indented by myriad bays, flanked by forbidding cliffs or nestling into gently sweeping hills. And over all softening the lines of the distant sky line north and south, back from shore, hovers the tinted midst which gives to the Blue Mountains their descriptive name.

Westward straight two thousand miles and more stretch the vast table lands and plains. Gently the hills roll downward from the crest. Wide brush mottled prairies sweep into the basin of the Darl-

World War Veterans of New South Wales Police

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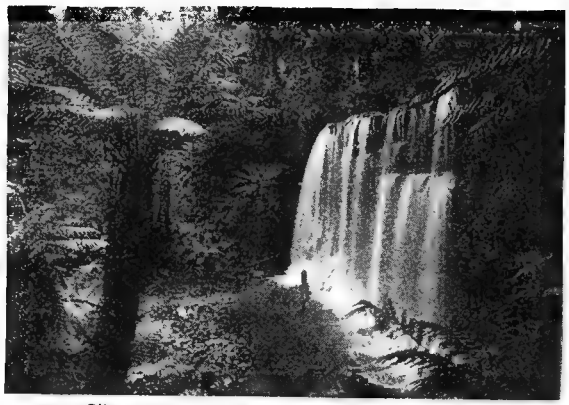

Silver torrents mirroring into stilly pools

Its excess harvest helps to feed the world

Wool built Australia: Merino wool

Tin and other minerals were unearthed

ing. Rising up beyond, the central table lands shimmer and fleetingly dance in the heat of the desert sun. Tortuous stone strewn gullies mark the course of dried up streams. Glistening lakes bear token of shrunken floods. Vast stretches of desert are broken only by soft hued dusty Mulga and stunted Brigalow, and far to the North beyond lush tropical grasslands Arnheim Land and the borders of the Timor Sea and India Ocean live dank and interwoven with tropical fern and shadowy equatorial forest of limbs and leaves and vines entwined.

A wild country, a country yet unconquered as is United States and yet a land of modern enterprise. Wool built it; Merino wool, and wool remains its chief support. But wool is now a single part of an ever striving, broad industrial whole. Free settlers soon outnumbered those by crime enslaved. No more were convicts dumped upon a land so wide. Class distinctions fast effaced. Criminals there were woven into the warp and woof of civilization or were held apart when not worthy of that fast-progressing land. The hardy population under able guidance settled down to build. Towns and cities, roads and bridges, transportation lines and later modern airy factories rose on sites of former wilderness. Schools were built and ably staffed. The enfranchised people, "on their own," raised solid public buildings and with their power, one by one followed liberation of the press, trial by jury and further rights of freeborn man. To the ever growing flux of pioneers, the lasting good of the continent, not immediate revenue, became the perquisite of welcome from the state.

Gold, silver, lead, tin and precious stones were unearthed in quantities sufficient to pay handsome profit to who would mine. Agriculture ever kept abreast of modern methods in this modern land. Its own people soon supplied from out the rich abundance of the soil, its excess harvest helped to feed the world. Regularly scheduled steamship lines and transpacific cable linked the growing empire with the old and distant lands. Today Australia is a continent like North America: modern, virile, marching—helpful to the universe of man.

The bulk of its population centers in Victoria and in New South Wales. The latter is the mother state. Here it was that Captain Cook's "Endeavour" touched and claimed the land for George the Third. On its shores is Botany Bay where first the criminals unloaded. From it the other colonies were one by one cut off. Within it now, the capital of the Federation lies and Sydney largest city and chief port is siuated. It ranks close second in its goods produced. Exports exceeding imports by many million pounds—a self-sustaining empire in itself! Its weaving coastline breasts the eastern surf for seven hundred miles. Back six hundred fifty over coastal range and past the rolling grasslands of the Darling basin, its borders stretch, rectangular—five hundred miles across; its total

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area three hundred thousand seven hundred square miles of many kinds of land.

And protecting this vast area is a force of men so small that the ratio of police to population is below one and one-quarter members to each thousand folk for them to guard.

Table and dry figures will most quickly serve for those statistically inclined.

At the end of 1924 the force numbered 2,923, including 33 black trackers.

The authorized strength exclusive of the trackers was 2,943.

	Superintendents 1st Class	Superintendents 2nd Class	Superintendents 3rd Class	Inspectors 1st Class	Inspectors 2nd Class	Inspectors 3rd Class	Sergeants 1st Class	Sergeants 2nd Class	Sergeants 3rd Class	Constables 1st Class	Constables Probationary or 2nd Class
General Division..	4	1	5*	8	18	30	89	150	334	737	989
C.I.B.†	1	Acting		0	1	0	4	4	14	22	2
Water Police.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	2	4	23	18
Traffic	0	1	0	1	0	2	1	4	7	46	125

* Including the Licensing Inspector
† Detective

"There are three kinds of falsehood—lies, damnlies, and figures", and yet "figures cannot lie". "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." But the facts and little human incidents that we give here are too simple to be misconstrued.

Crime in New South Wales is truly cutting down. In 1924 there were four hundred seventy-four fewer serious crimes than in the year before. A wave of reform may have spread over the state, but if it has the credit is still due to those who have instilled a wholesome fear into the criminals themselves—the inadequately manned police.

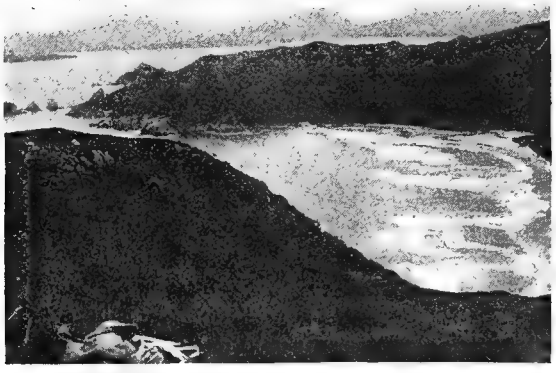
We quote from the account of the annual report given in *Police News* (New South Wales):

"The revenue collected in the Traffic Branch increased from £311,842 in 1923 to £424,899 in 1924. The number of motor vehicles registered or licensed as of December 31st, 1924, was 92,553, an increase of 24,155 over the figures for 1923. No fewer than 82,600 more licenses than in 1923 were issued and the increases in fees, revenue and tax revenue were 37 and 36 per cent. greater than in 1923. In the Metropolitan District, 88 persons were killed and 3,130 injured during 1924, motor vehicles being responsible for the great majority of these. In the rest of the State there were 647 motor accidents, causing 53 deaths and 523 injuries.

"Ninety-nine convictions under the Liquor Act in the Metropolitan District produced fines and costs totalling £300. Twenty-four convictions against holders of wine-licenses yielded fines and costs aggregating £185. The bulk of the prosecutions

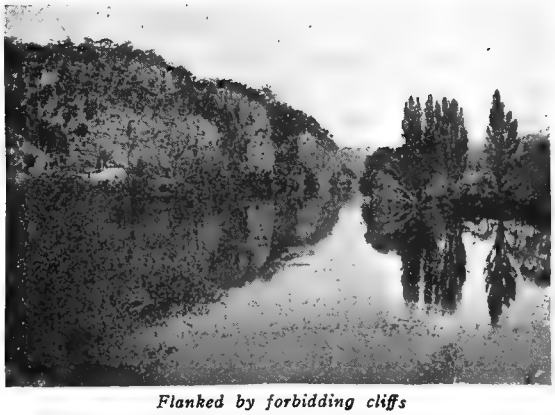
(*Continued on page* 74)

Wool remains its chief support



Myriad bays nestling into gently sweeping hills

Wide prairies in the basin of the Darling



Flanked by forbidding cliffs

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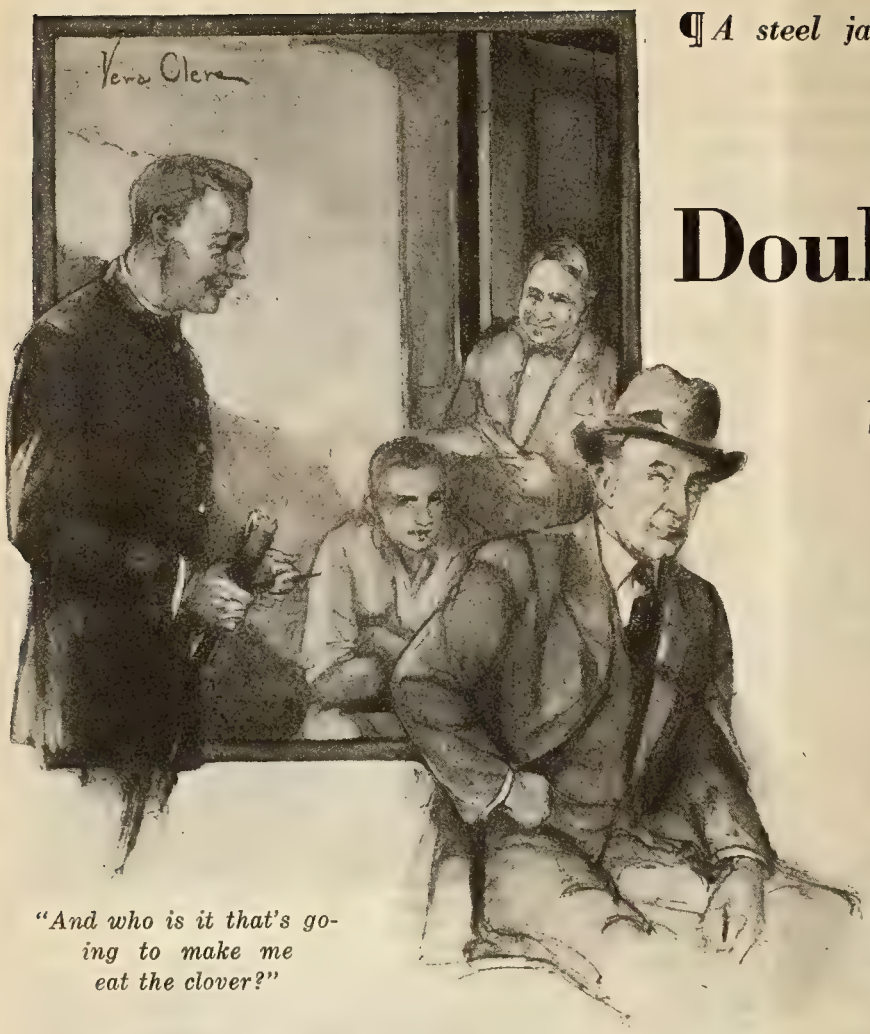

"And who is it that's going to make me eat the clover?"

¶ *A steel jacketed ball slashed into bullet hit*

The Double-Cross

Valiantly following through the veteran gets

By GUY FOWLER

PROBABLY the worst punishment that can come to a man of action is inaction. Put an old sea dog ashore and he will languish for the want of salt air—and salt pork from the ship's refrigerator. Set a banker beyond the sound of the ticker and his eyes and ears will begin to droop after a while, as he pines for his old seat in the game of dollars and sense.

In any trade or profession it's the same. Men who get accustomed to the habit of doing things can never be comfortably idle. An artistic loafer is actually as much of an artist as any other sort and he requires just as much talent.

Dennison MacNamara was devoid of that talent, as much as a caged wolf is without the trick of day-dreaming. That was why the old man was so aghast at the information that had just drifted into the detectives' room from police headquarters. Denny was slated for retirement. They were going to put him on a pension and let him sun himself in the pasture of contentment. You should have seen Denny kick up his heels, in a manner of speaking, and sound a whinny of protest.

It came about in this manner. Larson, the clerk, walked into the detectives' room with a smile on his saturnine face like the leer of the cat who found the canary's cage in reach. He had come from the inner office after taking the stenographic notes at a meeting of the police commissioners.

"Well, Denny, so long," he announced, with mock sadness. "Pretty soft for you," he added.

You see, Larson could not understand how it was with Denny. To a man like Larson the prospect of drawing enough money every month to provide him with food, a bed and Pittsburg stogies, was a dream as real and sweet as the fundamentalist version of heaven might be to a Dayton, Tennessee fundamentalist. He couldn't see that old man MacNamara would just as soon die right off as wilt away from ennui. Rather, in fact.

"What's pretty soft for me?" demanded Denny, in his deep, rolling voice that had never quite mastered its Scotch-Irish burr.

"You're going to be pensioned—going out to clover—and it ain't gonna rain no more," replied the witty Larson.

"Is that so?" replied Denny. "And who is it that's going to make me eat the clover? That's what I'd like to know."

Denny didn't believe it. Larson was forever teasing and trying to rouse a man. In the first place, they pensioned a man when he was too old to do good work; when his muscles grew stiff and the old brain began to require an accelerator.

"You heard what I told you," answered the clerk. "The commissioners just put your name on the pension list. You're to be retired the first of next month. Gee, some people have all the luck."

Denny sat quietly for a moment letting the news

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Denny's shoulder and he sagged. His the gas tank.

ing Double

the thrilling trail clouds, the his man

Illustrated by VERA CLERE

They started down together, the one plane sinking in ever-widening spirals, the other following.

sink in. He believed it now. There had been talk of it before. Technically he was beyond the age of retirement. Physically and mentally, he considered himself the equal of any rookie in the service, superior to some of them.

"So they went and voted me out, did they?" he rumbled presently. "They think I'm a flat tire."

He rose to his full height which was an inch over six feet and stretched his big arms luxuriously, smiling in a manner that surprised even Larson. It seemed to indicate that Denny was happy about the pension, which was exactly what Larson figured he should be.

"Well, I'll be dropping in to see the boys now and then," said the veteran. "I'll be wanting to keep in touch."

"What'll you do, Denny?" asked the clerk. "Go out and take it easy on a farm somewhere?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll open up a private agency. Dennison MacNamara, private detective—satisfaction guaranteed or your money back."

The door leading to the inner office swung outward and Colonel Gilson, chief of detectives, thrust his head and shoulders out.

"Come in here, Denny."

As he strode across ten feet of floor the massive MacNamara acquired an expression that added

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years to his ruddy face. His head hunched forward a trifle, which took something of the squareness of his shoulders away. The lines in his face deepened and his firm mouth drooped. But most striking of all was the hurt look that came into his eyes. It was such an expression as a friendly old dog might acquire when his master suddenly turned harsh and for no reason at all, kicked him viciously.

He went on into the private office and stood there silently, looking down at his chief who had already returned to his swivel chair.

"Denny, we've got a funny one here," said the colonel. "Maybe you can hop to it and get some action."

Instantly, Denny was himself again. His face lighted and the dullness went out of his eyes. His head came up and the creases that had been age lines in his face now became the earmarks of character, accentuating the humor of his smile, adding to the alertness of his expression. It was as if an old artillery horse had heard the rumble of guns.

"Yes, sir," said Denny, calmly enough, for all the thrill of it.

"It isn't exactly a police case," continued the colonel. He smiled as he marked the flash of disappointment in the keen eyes of the man before him.

"You know old Jeremiah Pritchard, the banker, of course." Gilson hitched his chair closer.

"Well, Denny, here's what has happened. When they got to the bank this morning, young Jerry Pritchard didn't show up. Then they discovered that he hadn't been home all night. And pretty soon they found that three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash and negotiable securities was missing from the vaults."

Denny started and fell back thoughtfully. "That's queer," he rumbled. "I passed the boy on the street yesterday afternoon and he didn't speak to me. I wondered what was the matter with him, because he was always so friendly—like a big puppy dog, Chief. He seemed like a right fine lad, now."

"Yes, they surprise you sometimes," said Gilson. "But here's a case that's different. Jerry has disappeared. We know that he was with a show girl from the Majestic Theatre night before last. She's gone, too. We know that Jerry used his pass keys and was in the bank last night."

The colonel paused and leaning forward, tapped Denny on the knee.

"But the strangest—well, we found out that Jerry went to Dayton and bought a brand new plane. He already had his pilot papers—he used to be in the air service, you know—so it was easy. He just up and flew out of sight. We haven't got another line, Denny. That's all there is."

"An' you want me to go cloud-searching for the lad, Chief?" Denny's seamed face burst into a broad grin.

"Yes, I want you to get Jerry," replied Gilson. "But there isn't to be an arrest, Denny. The old man doesn't want any arrest, or any publicity. He came to me more as a friend than anything else. He wants to recover the money and let the boy go."

The chief sat thoughtfully for a moment, then went on. "Old Pritchard wants his son to have the show girl, but not the money. He says that will hurt him more than anything else . . . and by the way, Denny, he says he'll pay ten thousand dollars reward for the return of the money—or the biggest share of it. And he'll meet all expenses . . . .what do you think? Will you try it?"

Denny rose and looked down at his young-faced white-haired chieftain.

"Sure I'll try it, Colonel. But tell me something, will you, sir? If I get this boy an' the money, do I stay on the force, or do I get the gate?"

Gilson rose too, smiling. "I think I can arrange to keep you on. The commissioners might extend the age limit another five or ten years, if they were properly approached."

"That's all I want to know," said Denny joyously. He brought his massive right hand to salute and lowered one eye lid in a not disrespectful wink at his superior.

From headquarters Denny went straight to the Merchants' Bank. His interview with old Pritchard was brief and in no time at all he had before him the metal boxes from which the money and papers had been removed. He found the fingerprints immediately and wrapping the boxes carefully in cloth, had them taken back to headquarters where impressions were made.

Denny studied the prints lingeringly and said nothing. In another hour he had gone to his home, packed a suitcase and was ready for the next train to Dayton. In his pocket he carried a number of photographs of Jerry Pritchard and once aboard the train he whiled away considerable time in a study of them. He had picked up a copy of a technical magazine devoted to flying too, and he found it interesting reading. Particularly, a topographical chart showing the cities which have constructed landing fields.

At the plant of the aircraft company in Dayton there was little to be learned. The young fellow had come in with ready money, properly indorsed pilot's papers and a definite idea of what he wanted. Oddly though, he had been alone.

"He just filled the tank, tuned her up and hopped off," explained the manager. "It was the quickest sale we ever made."

"Which way did he go?" asked Denny.

The other man chuckled. "Well, the last I saw of him he was heading west. But that doesn't mean anything. He might have got altitude and come back right over us heading east."

"Um, um." Denny nodded assent. Then, gazing thoughtfully at the manager: "Have you got a faster plane than the one he took? With a pilot to run the thing?"

(*Continued on page* 59)

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¶Ever wake up sweating and hear the crunch of a jimmy under a window frame, the grating of a key, the creaking of boards, or the tinkle of silverware?

"I never knew a prowler that could stand up against a dog."

The Burglar's Abomination

Advice from Behind the Bars

Relayed by

GEORGE C. HENDERSON

Illustrated with Specially Posed Photographs

By GILLIAMS

DOWN in Gotham the dicks call me *The Gopher,* in Chi I'm tagged *Slippery Joe,* out 'Frisco way my moniker is *Googs,* because I wear specs, while here at San Quentin they label me plain Joe Wood, sometimes adding the number of my room, 49,287.

For twenty sleeps I've been a cold slough prowler by choice but in all that time I've never welched at frisking any kind of a dump, whether house, loft, store, bank, office or church.

I'm doing it all because I got a rumble and shot a guy while clouting a hot joint in Oakland but that don't mean I'm a western piker. I grabbed five grand in one month knocking over Manhattan lofts. Down in Philly I copped a sneak on a spark joint and snagged enough rocks to decorate the Tower of Jewels, but a stoolie squealed, the bulls rapped to me in K. C. and they sloughed me for a five spot in the big house. In 1918 in Boston—but I've given you enough guff to qualify me as an authority.

Most honest ginks plan out what they'd do if they found a burglar standing over their bed at night. A lot of scissorbills has guns under their pillows or under the mattress in easy reach and I've heard 'em tell how they'd nab the rod and start immediately fillin' the prowler full of lead.

Now, if you'd ask me, I'd say it was a cuckoo stunt. Even if the fella' heard the burglar in the next room, he'd better lay right still. That sounds like I'm windjammin' for the Burglars' League, but wait 'till I wise you up a bit to the game.

Prowlers ain't just ordinary folks. They're desperate crooks, expert marksmen, hopheads crazy with coke, scared of their lives, with nerves on trigger edge, determined to kill rather than go to jail. Just stow that away under your bonnet to chew on the next time you hear the floor boards creak in your dining room and figure on sneakin' out with the gat to investigate.

I'm not tellin' you to take the fall layin' down. There's lots of ways to get a house clouter's goat. One thing in particular never failed to stand my hair on end. No gun toter, burglar alarm, loose dog or special cop ever gave me such a wallop. And I've heard many an old timer say the same thing.

I was a kid when I first heard the blood curdling thing that made me blow out of the dump like a gale and never stop till I'd hit a flop joint in the tenderloin. It took the starch right out of my

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A blood curdling scream shattered the silence, as if it had jumped out of my flashlight.

spine and I can't account for it either. I'll hand you the dope on that before I'm through.

Of course guns is good. But I'd never draw a rod on a prowler in my bedroom. Suppose I reached under the pillow for my gat. He'd hear the move and drill me sure. A burglar's ear is keyed to catch the slightest sound while a man waking out of a sound sleep is drowsy and stupid.

There was the New Orleans bloke who reached for his cannon when *Denver Jimmy* Schwartz was lifting some rocks off his bureau. Say! Denver heard that guy quit breathin'! That told him the fellow was awake. So when there was a rustle of bed clothes and he saw a hand move under the pillow, Jimmy plugged at him. He missed the guy and hit his wife. Louisiana state croaked *Denver Jimmy* for the trick but that didn't bring back the guy's wife. I guess maybe he wishes now he'd let Jimmy take the diamonds. Play possum. That's my tip to the bozo whose zephyrs are disturbed by a midnight guest.

Ever wake up from a sound sleep sweating from a sense of danger and hear the crunch of a heavy jimmy under a window frame? Or maybe it was the grating of a key in the door lock, the creaking of boards, the tinkle of silverware or the sound of a light footfall? Sure you have. Nearly every fellow has. His first act is to ease out of bed and start owling around, not knowing that these whisperings have lured many a man to his death.

Foolhardy idiot! That's what I call a scissor-bill that tries to outsneak a hot joint prowl cat. He thinks he's silent, but to the crook he sounds like a manifest freight.

I was with the Moline Kid the night he croaked a Detroit banker. It was a case in point.

An information fence sold us the tip, obtained from a discharged servant, that the banker's wife wore ten grand in stones every time she eased into her drawing room duds. The servant claimed the rocks were kept in milady's bedroom. Because the old gink always stayed home nights, there was no chance for a cold slough prowl so we got ready to take it hot. Copping a joint hot means to rob it while it's occupied, while a cold slough is a deserted house.

We spotted the lay until one night the moll blew out in her street clothes and the servants left. Of course the lady wasn't wearing her jewels in such rags so they must be in her bedroom. That shows you how close we figure! We crashed the joint with a jimmy via a rear window after we'd seen the light blink out in old Goldwad's bedroom and then sneaked up to the bedchamber, unlocked the door with a master key and began pulling open bureau drawers until we found one that was locked. A locked drawer is a sure tip that there's something valuable inside, if only letters than can be used for blackmail.

Silent wraiths we were in the darkness. Only a finger of light from my torch and the slight metallic sound of the Kid's picklock on the drawer showed our presence.

Suddenly from the other room came a familiar warning sound, the creak of bed springs, a noise that carries far and can always be recognized. The Kid whirled, gun in hand, scarcely breathing. I never moved, but my ears was sticking straight out. For a second we waited; then we slipped behind a heavy piece of furniture and crouched waiting, two human animals at bay. Would the banker dare walk into such a trap? We were like tigermen that night, full of snow, every nerve tingling with fear, ready to shoot our way out. If the householder could only realize the disordered state of a prowler's mind when he's out on a job, he wouldn't interrupt him so easy. It seemed incredible that any sane person would be so foolhardy as to walk in on us. The logical thing for him was to flag the bulls.

A door squeaked. The lisp of slippered feet over heavy carpet came distinctly. Quiet ensued for several seconds; then abruptly the door opened and there stood a white nightgowned figure, outlined as a perfect target against the darkness. In his hand he held a big gat. The banker paused, peering toward us uncertainly. Hesitatingly he turned to retrace his steps; then changed his mind and flashed on the light. The Moline Kid bumped him off and we ditched out to Toledo. Sure, they nabbed the Kid in the end. He got life but the banker got death, which was worse. The Kid's

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heavy jolt don't do his victim any good. But it ought to cinch the idea I'm puttin' across—never try to sneak up on a prowler. He'll hide out and wait for you a lot longer than you'll sit up in the cold behind a partition and wait for him. And it's the guy who makes the first move that gets the night sniper's lead.

If the Detroit stiff had laid low or if he had smashed a window or blew a police whistle, he'd be alive today and Jimmy and me would be in stir anyhow. It's a good bet for every honest man to have a police whistle near his mitt at night. When a thief hears one of them whistles shrill, he thinks the whole force is comin'.

Burglars fear watchdogs also. I'll never forget the night Tijuana Red and me was pulling a second story job in Los. Red spotted a big dump where milk bottles and newspapers had accumulated on the front porch, a sure sign the folks had blowed, and that night we crashed the joint.

It was pitch black. I was groping along toward the dining room when I felt something brush against me. My hands touched a shaggy hairy body. Then I let out a yell as the dog's sharp teeth bit into my leg. Red shot the mutt but the noise queered the trick and we had to drift. I got such a shock out of it that Red said: "Never mind, kid. I never knew a prowler yet that could stand up against a dog."

Moral: Keep a watchdog and bring in the milk.

Lusty burglar alarm bells ringing loud enough to wake the dead, cops sneaking up in the dark, bawling babies and set guns fixed to blow a clouter's head off all give our fraternity a lot of grief. But none of them ever chilled my heart like the blood curdling thing I spoke of. You'll be surprised when I name it.

Slim Emmrich, the best clouter that ever took a fall, found me when I was a kid buzzin' molls in a Chicago department store and taught me the cold slough prowl.

Slim was a big mitt. He hit nothing but rich shacks, he never played piker money and he didn't have to buy his dope from a fence either. It was in 'Frisco that he introduced me to my worst thrill.

Locating a rich place to rob was easy for Slim. We watched the big cars as they were parked near an opera house. Then we picked up the names of the owners from the registration cards, went to a 'phone booth and called their homes. Some answered and we said "wrong number" but pretty soon we located a dump out in Presidio heights where we couldn't raise nobody, and we breezed out there in a cab.

"It's jiggers for us, Slim," I said, when I saw the place. "There's a guy mowing his lawn on one side and people on the porch next door."

But I didn't know Slim then. He'd worked for a locksmith long enough to get a fine bunch of master keys, so he never had to use anything so crude as a pry or a picklock. A wisenheimer, Slim was.

While I watched from a hedge, Slim breezed up to the door carrying a bill fold, stopped to examine a bill to see if it was the right place and then rang the bell. Right on the next lawn the neighbor stopped his lawnmower and watched my pal. Of course no one answered the bell. Under pretense of putting back the bill, Slim leaned the fold against the door knob and thus concealed his hand as he tried the master keys on the lock. In a minute he had the door open.

To fool the guy next door he straightened up as he pushed the door in and raised his hat to an imaginary person inside; then entered. A few minutes later I walked up with a suitcase, knocked and he let me in.

After that it was easy. First we grabbed the heavy silver and an expensive revolver. Then we began to frisk the bedrooms. It was dark now and we had to use our torches. Slim took one group of bedrooms, I took another.

I stepped into the first room like a cat. Although I thought there was no one in the place, still I felt leary. From this room came the unpleasant smell of drugs, as if it was a sick chamber. I waited by the door a minute. Then flashed on my torch.

A blood curdling scream shattered the silence, as if it had jumped out of the end of my flashlight. It turned me cold right to the toes. I stood there paralyzed like a stone image, staring open mouthed at the invalid girl there on the bed.

I can't describe the effect that woman's shriek had upon me. The crack of a pistol in my ear never produced such a nausea in the pit of my stomach. The sharp command of a policeman ordering me to halt never inspired a sensation so sickening. As we fled from that place, I told Slim how I felt. He said it had affected him the same way. "I never can get used to hearing a woman scream," he admitted. "I've had lots of burglars tell me the same thing. It's what a burglar fears the worst."

Just why a woman's outcry should scare prowlers more than the clamor of alarm bells, the firing of pistols or the shout of harness bulls I don't know. Maybe it's because every fellow, no matter

(*Continued on page* 64)

Accumulated milk bottles and newspapers—a sure sign the folks had blowed.

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GOD AND THE KAFFIRS

By MAJOR GEORGE WITTEN

Formerly of the NATAL MOUNTED POLICE

THERE was a tense calm after the short terrific struggle. Down in the cañon of the Tugela Valley the sun threw its scorching rays, searing the grass and scrub brush, burning upon the bare sand and rocks, glistening and dancing upon the river and turning its cool water tepid. Men talked in subdued voices. The wounded had ceased to moan and lay sweltering in the glare of the African noon. At our feet were stretched the bodies of Toppleston and Craig. Toppleston, the light-hearted, ruddy-faced Englishman, who two hours before had smiled, sitting gracefully on his horse as we rode down the mountain in pursuit of Kikikawa's men. Craig, the big good-natured, rawboned Australian, who had joined the Natal Mounted Police a few months before. Sprawled among the rocks and bushes were the black, shining bodies of a score of Kaffirs, and around them thirty odd more of their number nursing wounds. Standing in a group aside, sullen and defiant, were a dozen unwounded prisoners. In the midst of it all, like a flower that had sprung up in a shambles, stood Katherine Bennett, clinging convulsively to the arm of Doran, her deep blue eyes staring in horror at the scene around her.

It had been a long, hard chase of two days and nights without chance for sleep, and little to eat, ending in a short, fierce clash with the natives, who were attempting to protect from arrest several of their number that were wanted for murdering a missionary and his wife, and stealing his daughter.

A few months before the missionary and his family had arrived fresh from Vermont, wholly unfamiliar with the ways of the Kaffirs, and knowing nothing about them, except what they had read. On the journey out they had studied the Zulu language from text books. For several weeks they stopped at the Police Post on the edge of the Tugela Valley. There the Missionary and his wife had commenced their work of spreading good will and brotherly love among the Kaffirs who came in to trade at the coolie store. The missionary shook the native men by the hand, slapped them on the back, and told them funny stories that they didn't understand. His wife kissed and hugged the women, and chided them for showing their naked limbs before men. All this was strange and incomprehensible to the Kaffirs, but they accepted it with the same stolid respectfulness that they accepted other peculiarities of the white man.

"You had better be careful, sir," warned Sergeant Henley, who had charge of the post, "familiarity with the Kaffirs always leads to trouble. The natives here outnumber the whites a hundred to one, and it is only by maintaining a dignified reserve that we can keep them under control."

The missionary smiled. "I know of the severe methods the Government uses with the Kaffirs, but they are not Christian methods. It is only by brotherly love and affection that we can raise them to a higher plane."

Henley sighed. He knew the Kaffirs through twenty years of close dealing with them. He also knew missionaries, and knew that it was useless to remonstrate with them, that when they arrived in the country, inexperienced, but fired with a determination to convert all the heathen and raise them to a higher plane, nothing but a stern lesson would make them stop and think. And often after the lesson had been given they were unable to ever think again.

Katherine Bennett took no part in her parents' maudlin treatment of the Kaffirs. She was kind to those with whom she came in contact, but avoided familiarity. Her young mind had been quicker to acquire the language, and often her father called on her to explain things to the natives when he couldn't make himself understood. Then she would interpret with a quiet dignity, that won respect and admiration from the Kaffirs, yet kept them at a distance.

Girls with golden hair, blue eyes, and cheeks flushed with the healthy bloom of the Vermont Hills, were unknown along the Tugela Valley, and simultaneously the four young Mounted Policemen at the Post were smitten by Katherine's beauty. Sergeant Henley derived a little comfort from the missionaries' presence in the fact that for several weeks he had no difficulty in keeping his young dare-devils in order. Drinking at the Post practically stopped. The men appeared every day with uniforms and accoutrements faultlessly spic and span. Poker was forgotten and every evening the troopers gathered at the temporary quarters of the missionaries.

From the start of this *en masse* courting, Doran, the wildest and most reckless of the four, had the advantage. Katherine was friendly with them all, but she showed a decided preference for the young renegade son of Sir Willoughby Doran, who had been shipped to Africa to mend his ways. During his three years in the Mounted Police he had never been known to pay the slightest attention to a respectable girl. Now he stopped swearing, gave up drinking, and whenever he could get away from duty was with Katherine. Sergeant Henley laughingly said that at least one heathen was being saved.

After several weeks, during which time he was completing his study of the Kaffir language, the

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A Story of LOVE and BATTLE on the AFRICAN VELDT

Illustrated by
McCULLOUGH PARTEE

In the midst, like a flower in a shambles, stood Katherine Bennett, clinging convulsively to the arm of Doran.

missionary set up his mission station about six miles away, just over the border of Zululand. Then Sergeant Henley sent in a request to headquarters for reinforcements, and a few days later six men and another sergeant arrived at the Post, giving us a total strength of twelve. For weeks we patrolled, in relays, the country around the mission station. Doran asked frequently for permission to leave the Post to visit Katherine, and Henley granted him leave as often as possible, for he knew that the presence of one of the Mounted Police around the mission would help to forestall trouble.

Katherine and Doran took long rides together over the veldt, and sometimes they would pack a lunch and go down into the valley. They were a happy couple, and though Doran knew that the situation was dangerous he tried to set his fears aside and hoped that nothing would happen.

"I want to teach you to shoot," he said one day when they had finished their lunch in the shade of an overhanging krantz on the side of the mountain. He drew out a small-calibre pistol and stuck an empty gingerbeer bottle on a rock.

"Now hold you arm so, look over the sights and let your eye rest on the base of the bottle. Then pull the trigger by taking a tight grip on the gun. Don't jerk, or it will throw you off the mark."

Katherine took the pistol and smiled. "Do you mean like this?" she asked, quickly raising her arm and pulling the trigger. There was a flash and the bottle flew to bits.

"Well I'll be —! I say! where did you learn to shoot like that?" Doran was staring open-eyed.

"My uncle owns a ranch in Wyoming, and I used to visit him every summer. He taught me. But I like our American guns better than your English makes." She drew from the pocket of her riding breeches a blue steel Colt.

"I might have known by the way you ride that you could probably shoot as well. It's a good thing to be able to do; you often get a chance at a Springbok out here." After that Doran was more at ease, and felt that in a pinch Katherine could take care of herself. His term of enlistment in the Mounted Police had almost expired, and he made up his mind that as soon as he was free, if he could persuade Katherine, they would be married, and he would

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take her to England, and show his father that he had reformed.

Ben Lowry, a degenerate trader, who had served time for selling whisky to the natives, watched Katherine and Doran with voluptuous envy. He knew that if he openly approached her he would be repulsed, and the police would probably run him out of the country. He meant to have her, but he must lie low, and play a quiet game. So he waited and watched, every day his desire, hatred, and jealousy growing deeper. He disliked the police on account of his prison term, and their interference with his trade, but he had an intense, unreasoning jealous hatred of Doran.

He made repeated trips to Greytown, and each time that he returned to his shack in the valley, where he lived with a couple of outcast native women, his pack horses were loaded with whiskey. He, too, knew the Kaffirs, and knew that the methods of the missionary would soon have them ripe for stirring up trouble. Trouble was coming, and then would be his chance to get Katherine. The trails through Zululand to Mozambique were not frequented except by natives, and a good supply of whisky would take him and Katherine there in safety. Once in Mozambique the British couldn't touch him, and the Portuguese wouldn't care.

The missionary was having great success in his work. The Kaffirs found it a novelty to be hugged and kissed by a white woman, and to sit at table and eat with white people. The open air meetings, held in the cool of the evenings, were attended by hundreds, and there were many converts. The Malays at the coolie store were doing a big business, for every convert had to be clothed.

Kikikawa and his Endunas watched their sons and daughters revel in the white man's teachings with sullen silence. Each converted daughter meant a loss to her father of from seven to a dozen head of cattle, because the missionary taught them that they must not submit to being sold in marriage, but must marry only the man they loved. Each converted son would leave the tribe and go into the cities, where he hoped to live with white people and as they lived. Kikikawa was wise, and knew that these young men would only be accepted by the down-and-out, the scum of the white race. They would become degenerate, and a disgrace to their tribe.

Enduna Umzulata was very unhappy. Three of his daughters, and two of his sons had become converts. His sons had left and gone to the city, and he would probably never see them again. His daughters were fine strapping girls, but now no one would buy them, and they wouldn't be sold. He was very unhappy, and hated all white men, except Bass Ben Lowry. Bass Lowry gave him whisky, and that made him forget his troubles. Umzulata wanted more whisky, and came to the shack in the valley to get it.

Lowry watched the Enduna drink a mug of neat liquor as he squatted on the floor of the shack. The Kaffir's eyes were burning with hatred. Now was the time to strike. He filled Umzulata's mug again. "The missionary has stolen two of your sons, and three of your daughters," he said, "why don't you steal his daughter?"

Umzulata was drunk, but his senses were not all gone. "What good would that do?" he asked, "she cannot work, and I couldn't sell her; then the police."

"Don't worry about the police, they'll be easy to handle, and I'll buy the girl from you. Fifty bottles! No one will ever know. I'll take her to Mozambique!"

Fifty bottles! Revenge! This sounded good to Umzulata. "Yes, but the missionary and his wife, they would know. And the police!"

"A knock on the head with a Knobkerry and the missionary won't talk. Get Daguan and Chunta and Slangaba and the others who have lost sons and daughters, they will take care of the police!" He filled the Kaffir's mug again.

Two hours later Umzulata staggered away to his Kraal with five bottles of whisky in a sack. Lowry chuckled. "I'll give him fifty bottles! Like hell! The old fool, a bullet will fix him! Then I'll make the girl think I've rescued her, and before she knows it we'll be across Zululand!" He took a long drink, and began to get ready for the journey.

We were playing the last rounds of a hand of poker. Doran had just ridden in from the mission station, and was standing watching the game. Craig had opened with a shilling, and Toppleston had laughingly made it half a crown to draw cards, but the cards were never drawn. There was a scuffle of feet on the porch and a convert native dashed into the room, his eyes bulging with terror. "Bass Lowry has given the Endunas whisky! They are drunk! They've gone to kill the missionaries!"

Doran rushed past him and out of the room. A moment later we saw him riding bareback and spurring his horse madly toward the mission station. In a few minutes we were all in the saddle riding hard after him.

At the station we found a shambles. The missionary's head had been battered to pulp. His wife lay on the floor stripped of every vestige of clothing, her body black and blue from being mauled by powerful hands, her swollen tongue protruding from battered lips showing that she had been finally strangled to death. Around the place lay the bodies of several native converts, who had tried to defend the missionaries. It was a sorry mess, and meant that the country would be in an uproar for weeks, and no white person would be safe.

We could find no trace of Katherine or Doran, and hoped he had arrived in time to save her. A wounded servant limped into the room and told us that Umzulata had taken Katherine off toward the Valley, and Doran had ridden after them. Then the chase began. For two days and nights the Kaffirs dodged us up and down the Valley, over the mountains, and across the rolling veldt, doubling back and forth, but always keeping in or near the rough country. Henley had sent in for more reinforcements, and the

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Doran warded off the knife and the blade sank into his arm, at the same moment his other fist caught the trader a swinging blow on the jaw.

next morning we were joined by a troop of thirty men and two officers. We divided into two bands.

Near Lowry's shack we found the bodies of Umzulata and one of his sons riddled with bullets. At first we thought this was the work of Doran, and rejoiced that Oatherine was safe. Then we learned from Lowry's jealous deserted women that Lowry had murdered the Kaffirs and taken Katherine on one of his ponies to Zululand. Doran had trailed Umzulata to the shack, and learning what had happened had gone on after Lowry. Here six of us left the main body to continue after Kikikawa's men,

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which now numbered over a hundred, and set out to follow up Doran.

When Lowry shot the two Kaffirs that had dragged Katherine away from the mission station she thought she had been rescued, and while Lowry's drunken, leering face disgusted her she was grateful to him.

"Quick! Get on this horse and ride with me!" Lowry had said. "When the Kaffirs learn that I shot those men the whole tribe will be after us! We must get down to Greytown! I know a way through, but we must hurry!"

Katherine thanked him for saving her, and readily mounted the pony he held. Then she helped him drive the pack ponies, and had no suspicion of his evil intentions. All night they rode over the rough trail, then when day was breaking Lowry told her it wouldn't be safe to travel, so they made camp among some rocks on the side of the mountain. She was worn out, and after eating a little food and drinking a cup of coffee, trustingly lay down to sleep on the blankets Lowry had arranged for her among the rocks.

For hours she slept, and while she slept Lowry was drinking. From time to time he would step quietly up and leer at her. Her beauty was maddening, but he must wait. It wouldn't do to get her suspicions roused, not until they were safely across Zululand. Then he'd have her; she belonged to him and he'd do as he pleased. For a time he slept in a drunken stupor, then he woke with a sore head, and an angry disgruntled mind. He drank more whisky, and felt better. He hadn't eaten, and was drinking on an empty stomach. The liquor burned in his veins, all the animal in him was aroused. He threw caution aside, why should he wait? Gulping down another pannikin he staggered up to the ledge where the girl lay sleeping.

Katherine woke to find the drunken beast maudlin over her. "Now don't get scared, deary," he hiccoughed. "I won't hurt you, I'm your man, you belong to me, an' I just want to love you."

"You! you—" she sprang to her feet in terror, pushing the drunken man onto his back.

"A' right! a' right!" he sneered, staggering to his feet, and making a grab at her. She dodged and ran up the side of the mountain.

"A' right, deary! Have a little run, I'll get you! We're all alone!" He staggered on up the cliff. For over an hour he chased her up and up the mountain side. She climbed along narrow ledges, over jagged rocks, tearing her clothes, and bruising her hands. Persistently he kept after her, he was getting sober now, and each moment his passion and anger were increasing.

Tired, with hands and feet bleeding, Katherine suddenly found herself in a cul-de-sac, and right behind her came Lowry, his evil, beady eyes gloating at her. She stepped to the edge of the cliff to hurl herself down upon the rocks a thousand feet below. Then came the crack of a pistol, and Lowry let out a howl of pain. Climbing the side of the mountain Katherine saw Doran taking aim again. Lowry saw him too, and dodged behind a boulder just as the second bullet whizzed past. Then he drew pistol and commenced firing.

Dodging from rock to rock Doran gradually drew nearer the trader. Their pistols flashed, and bullets whizzed back and forth. Katherine was helpless to aid Doran, so she crouched behind a boulder to give him a chance to shoot without hitting her. A shot jammed Doran's pistol, and he threw the useless weapon down. Lowry had left most of his ammunition in a pack at camp; he fired two more shots, then his gun also was useless.

The two men faced each other on the ledge with bare hands, then Lowry whipped out a knife and made a slash at the trooper. Doran warded off the knife and the blade sank into his arm, at the same moment his other fist caught the trader a swinging blow on the jaw. Then they clinched and struggled on the side of the cliff. Doran had been an Oxford Blue, but Lowry was hard and wiry from twenty years on the African veldt. Both men were wounded. Doran was weak from lack of food and long hours of travel. Lowry's blood was burnt out with whisky. Back and forth they wrestled, each trying to force the other over the side. Katherine saw them tottering in a death grip on the edge of the shelf a thousand feet above the rocks. In a moment they would plunge down into the valley. She threw her hands over her face to shut out the horror.

They swayed back and forth on the ledge, then Doran quickly shifted his grip, whirled around, and catching the trader under the throat with both hands hurled him over his head and down into space. Then he reeled and fell exhausted against the side of the mountain.

Katherine heard the thudding crash of the trader's body, and thought both men had been plunged to death. Then she fainted. When she came to Doran, bruised and battered, was holding her in his arms.

"Are you hurt?" he asked in a dry, husky voice.

"No! But, Oh! I thought you had both gone over the cliff!" She caught his arm and trembled. Then looked at the blood on his face and clothing, "But you! You're wounded!"

"It's only a scratch." He drew her closer to him. "Don't tremble so, there's no danger now."

Katherine reached up and gently pressed her lips against his battered face.

The next morning we met them riding down the mountain side, a disheveled and happy couple. Katherine smiled bravely at us in greeting, but we could tell that she was keeping up with an effort.

"Better get her in as quick as possible," said the sergeant, and we turned out horses heads toward the Post. But had only ridden a couple of miles when we suddenly came face to face with Kikikawa's fleeing men. They fired a ragged volley of shots at us, then turned and ran toward the river in the valley.

"Doran! take the girl, and go on! We won't need

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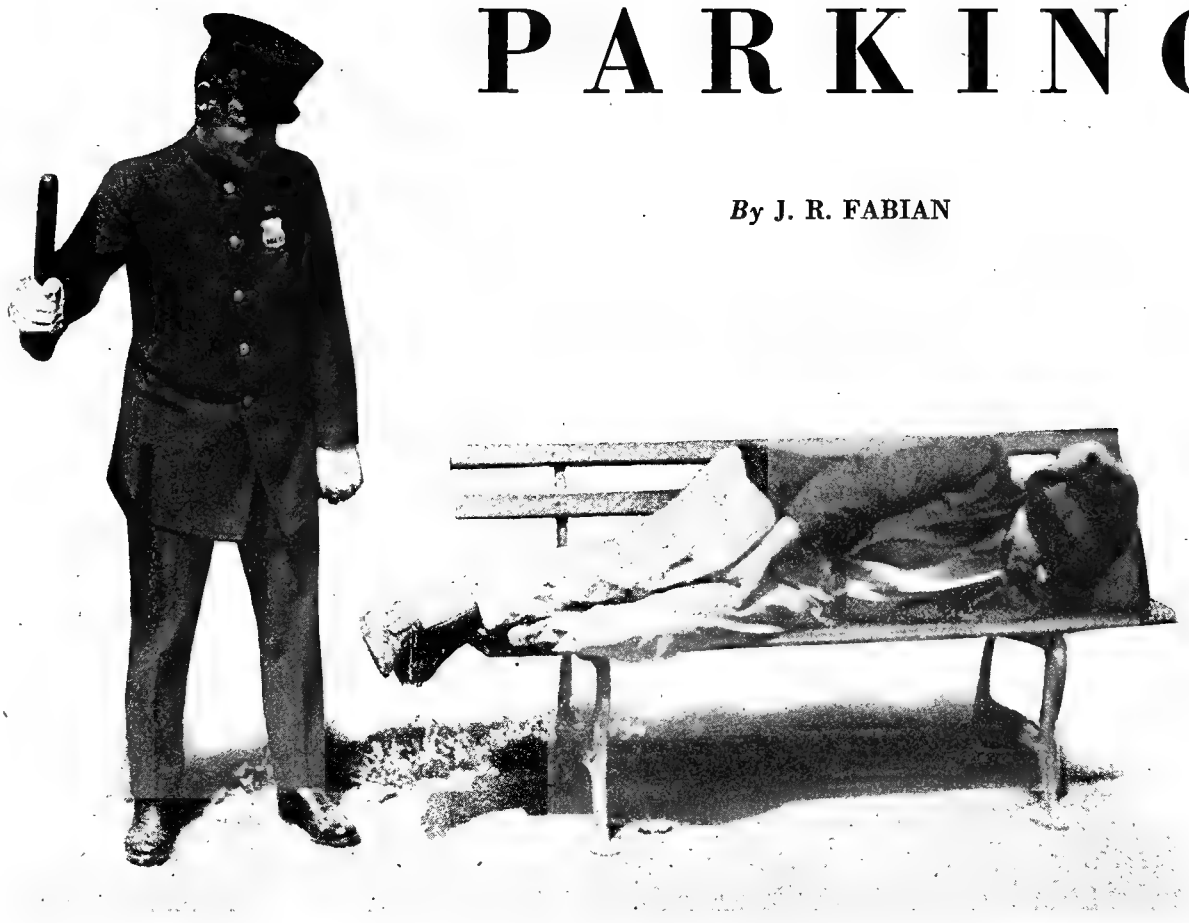
PARKING

By J. R. FABIAN



"When you wake them up they get insulted. They love the outdoors so."

Babies and Bums, Ducks and Darwinians—All in Line of Duty

Illustrated with Specially Posed Photographs

By Gilliams

All my life I have suffered from a certain inability to walk up to someone in uniform and say, "I am so and so." There is a lurking fear that when I have revealed my identity some one is going to say, "Well, what of it?"

The too busy editor, with no malice aforethought, had deliberately sent me to the 11th Precinct with instructions to use my justly celebrated way with "clubmen" to secure the story of the park.

I reached the palatial precinct an hour later, and in an instant I mounted the steps and majestically floated into Capt. Mason's office.

"Do you know this is a private office?" How much did you pay the doorman to let you in?" he shouted.

"I got in free of charge, captain—it says NO ADMITTANCE on the door," I announced. " have come from the Police Magazine to get some entertaining extracts from your Journal. My name is Fabian."

"Howdy do," he blurted. "Make yourself comfortable unless you would rather be at home."

He arose from his age-worn stool, drew himself up proudly to his full six and one-half feet, so he could speak at length. For a moment he wrinkled his brow, then said, "I have always regretted not having kept a Journal. I have myself lost revelations of much that has happened around this park that is amusing, and I have deprived my friends and the public of some curious information by not carrying this resolution into effect."

Just then the door opened and in came a stern-looking gent (whom I later learned was Detective Flynn) leading a disheveled-looking fellow dressed in woman's clothes.

"What's up now?" questioned the captain.

Flynn then reported that his charge had been sitting on one of the benches in the park with the purpose of luring a prospective gentleman. When passing, Flynn had been picked as the gentleman in prospect. "How are you?" coyly asked the "flapper." Always on guard, Flynn approached the "sweet one" and noticed a slight beard and a collar button mark on "her." A gust of wind revealed Flynn's badge. "Hell!" exclaimed the surprised

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"I was standing behind a couple who were unaware of my presence."

one, "You're an officer." "You come along with me and see if you can pull the same line on the captain," Flynn told him.

At this moment the captain suggested that I go outside and interview the squad waiting for their beat assignments. I introduced myself and explained my mission, at the same time having an eye on the nearest exit. "I'll offer a quart of nightstick varnish for the best story," I added.

"Hey, Tom, tell him the one about the chimpanzee!" I heard.

"Tell him the one about those two kids!" someone else cried.

"One at a time," I interrupted.

Mike McGowan spoke up first. "It was the last day of school and many children were merrily returning home by way of the park. I was strolling along the lake that afternoon and saw a child crying. I walked over to the small girl and asked, 'Why are you crying, little one?' 'Because — — — my brother, ih! ih! — — — he got a vacation — — — ih! ih! and I didn't,' cried the little one. 'And why didn't you get a vacation also?' 'Because — — — ih! — — — ih! I don't go to school.' "

"Talking about kids," commenced Whepley, "reminds me of a good one. Yesterday I had a beat at 72nd Street. At the entrance there was a peanut and candy vendor. A small boy leading a girl came down the steps. 'My!' Jimmie, ain't that nice?' said the girl.

" 'Ain't what nice?' asked the boy.

" 'Why the popcorn; it smells so awfully good,' replied the girl.

" 'It does smell kind o' fine,' drawled the youth. 'Come on a little closer so you can get a better smell.' "

Patrolman Lee, who has a beat in the zoo, told of Joe, the chimpanzee. "Of all the animals," he said, "Joe was the most sociable. Everyone liked him. I never failed to give him an ice cream cone or a lollypop every day. For some reason he has been sold and the loss has been felt by everyone. But like all monkeys he forgot his first love and never wrote. It must have been this Dayton trial. I think Joe has become stuck up ever since."

We were interrupted by a shuffling of feet at the entrance. Detective Wagner brought in a vagabond who, he said, had been sleeping in the park all night. Captain Mason said, "We round those fellows up every day. When you wake them they get insulted. It's dern hard to keep 'em out of the park. They love the outdoors so."

Going back to our meeting, Henry Brown volunteered with a story. He demanded the prize, saying that he might as well take it beforehand as he was so sure to win it.

"Since McGee isn't here, I'll tell you one about him.

"McGee took care of a duck farm in Pennsylvania before he joined the force and was therefore found to be the most competent to take the post at the duck pond. He was told to especially watch the duck and geese nests from which eggs were often stolen by boys. There were five eggs in a nest the first day McGee took his post. He made up his mind then and there that the eggs would be touched by on one—not while he was there anyway. A week later the eggs hatched and out

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strutted five little brown and white geese. McGee smiled when he saw the pompous mother lead the young ones down to the pond. After many days the young geese had developed strong wings and were able to flit from stone to stone. As McGee was amusing himself watching them one afternoon he heard the five geese utter queer sounds. They popped up their heads, looked around and up in the air they flew. They went up—up—over the trees and out of sight. 'They'll be back,' said McGee. Eight o'clock that night—no geese. Next day and still no geese.

"'Hell!' he groaned, 'all that work for nothing. I think I'll watch young hippopotami next time.'

"He reported the incident to Mason that night. 'Well,' said Mason, 'since you have no more eggs or young ones to watch, we'll have to change your post, that's all.'"

"Why didn't he tie a string on each one's legs?" asked McManus.

Mike Flaherty threw his hat in the ring and offered this one:

"I had a post at West 72nd Street where grass was being mowed down by a grass mowing machine drawn by a horse. After the grass was cut the horse was loosened from the machine and allowed to rest. An elderly lady with a couple of magazines under her arm stepped over the low rail and sat in a shady spot where the grass had just been cut.

"'You can't sit there, madam,' I said.

"The woman feigned deafness. 'Sorry madam,' I again warned, 'but you can't sit there.'

"'Why should I get off,' answered the woman, 'look at that horse standing there.'"

Chris. Fitzgerald said he would not buy the Police Magazine unless his story is printed. So here it is:

"Up at 96th Street I witnessed a queer case. A strange woman met a passerby gentleman and told him she was his wife. The man blushed a little and told the woman she was mistaken. She insisted.

"'But, madam, you are mistaken,' said the man.

"'Oh, but dear, I'm not,' answered the woman.

"I went over and asked what it was all about.

"'This is my husband,' said the woman.

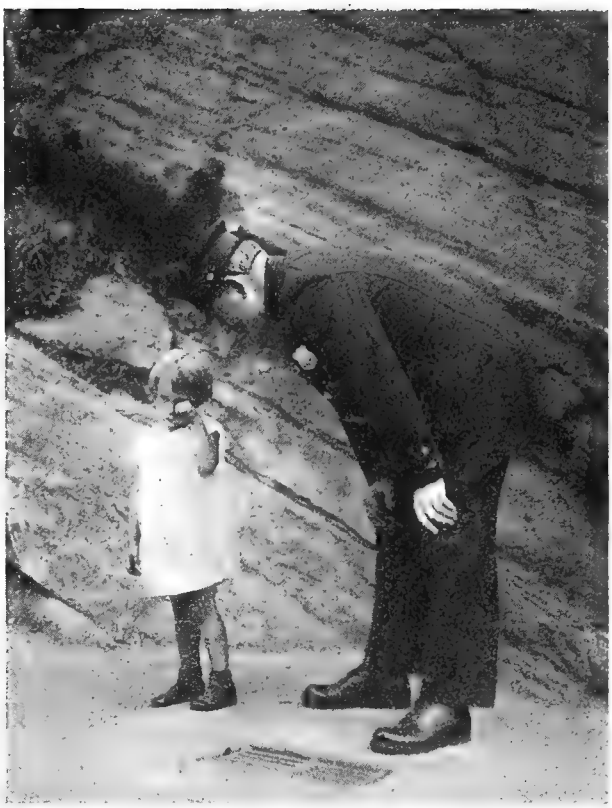
"'I am like — — — —,' ejaculated the poor fellow.

"'Oh, you said a naughty word,' said the woman.

"'We are up against it,' I interrupted. 'Tell it to lieutenant.'

"We went to the precinct and there the man insisted that he was not married to the woman or any one else. The woman was taken to Bellevue for observation and was found to be 'nutty'."

James Hunt, when asked for his say, regretted he had nothing to offer. All he said was: "On the Mall during band performances people have been driven from their seats by caterpillars. However heartily we may commend the caterpillars' love of music, we deplore their lack of manners."



"My brother, ih! ih!—he got a vacation——ih! ih! and I didn't!"

Charlie Sands, who had been stalling up to this point asked to be allowed to speak next.

"There was a thrilling football game down the Mall last Spring," he commenced. "During the course of the game there came a crash of man against man and the thud of falling bodies. The referee's whistle rose shrilling from the mass and the players slowly unwound. Figure after figure stood up until one silent shape, surrounded by his comrades, lay on the ground. A mysterious hush settled over the excited crowd of spectators. Then a startled murmur, 'Who had been injured?' Mothers grew pale and prayed that it was not their son; friends groaned and imagined the worst. People wondered why the players did not let the prostrate one be seen. A player dashed to the side lines and after a brief consultation with the coach they both rushed on to the field, carrying an extra pair of football pants. A quick change, a scurrying of players and the game was on."

After Sands told his story he demanded the prize, saying that he held the most points so far.

"We haven't heard from you, Owens," said Mason.

"Well," began Mike Owens, "so far no one has had the audacity to tell a story of spooning couples. I don't know how far I'll get but I'll try. It was at the pavilion. I was seated behind a couple who were unaware of my presence. I didn't intend to sit near them in the first place. I would have embarrassed both if I walked past them. I overheard this conversation:

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Handcuffing

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

ON the day that bandits held up Chicago's most prominent hotel situated at one of its busiest points, a group of New York citizens met in the office of Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation and organized a national committee for the suppression of crime. There was no connection between the two events. On the same day that the committee met and the Drake Hotel was robbed, three hundred and one murders took place in the United States. Coincidentally over one hundred columns of direct and indirect condemnation of police were printed in the newspapers of the land, with charges and accusations implying laxity, collusion, venality and incompetence.

Crime is on the increase in the United States, which means that a greater portion of the population is taking to crime, or that the criminal part of the population is doubling its efforts. Ten years ago banditry was an exceptional occurrence. Today it is one of the commonest. Five years ago the armored car for the transportation of valuables was unknown. Today every large city finds them familiar. In 1923 there were 10,000 homicides in this country. In 1924 there were 11,000. Less than 50% of those killers were apprehended; less than 1% were executed.

The Chicago and Cook County Bankers Association has just offered a reward of $2,500 for each dead bank bandit, and $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of live ones. Five states of the Union are witnessing a revival of the Vigilante movement of 1849. Iowa has organized an armed force of roughly 4,000 volunteer protectors. Indiana has 5,000 men under arms, sworn to eliminate bandits at all costs. Illinois is reported to have set patrols in one thousand towns of the State and to have armed 6,000 men to combat the bandits. A number of Illinois banks have installed machine guns. Chicago banks have organized a fleet of armored patrol cars and manned them with crews whose orders are to shoot to kill. Kansas City bankers have a determined force of 250 men whose instructions are to provide "no work for the jury."

The American Bankers Association and its allied organizations are spending in excess of $400,000 per annum in supplementing the work of official police throughout the United States.

Now we may analyze the foregoing facts according to their significance.

First, these various vigilante and independent movements are extra-legal. There can be no question about that, for police power rests in the State, and so far as my information goes, no association charter granted by any state includes permission to maintain and operate an armed police force. Further, the offer of the Cook County and Chicago Bankers' Association amounts to privately inflicted capital punishment, as does the instruction issued to the Kansas City bank patrol. That also is extra-legal in every sense. A somewhat different situation exists in Philadelphia where General Butler, the police head, issued orders to his men to kill every bandit they caught at work. The Philadelphia police are State authorized.

Now, manifestly it should not be necessary for any private organization to be compelled to establish and maintain an armed force and to issue rewards for the killing of robbers if the regularly appointed agencies of law and justice are furnishing the necessary protection. The situations above described are therefore reasonable evidence that the authentic agencies are failing to supply the required protection and it becomes us to inquire why. There are several reasons, but two immediately concern the police.

The first situation we confront is that almost without exception the cities of the United States are under policed. The second is that the police get insufficient support from the courts of the land. There are other factors entering into our crime situation, but these we will pass for the moment. Police critics are fond of drawing comparisons be-

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the Police

Illustrated with Exclusive Photographs

tween the police effectiveness of the United States and Europe. They have the figures, and there can be no question as to their accuracy. There are indeed more murders per year in the city of Trenton, N. J., with its 125,000 than there are in the same period in Great Britain with its 40,000,000.

Here are some statistics that illustrate the situation better than ten thousand words of argument.

City	Population	Policemen	Policemen Per 1,000 of Pop.
London	7,735,000	24,800	3.2
Paris	2,907,000	10,500	3.4
Berlin	2,500,000	9,000	3.4
Vienna	1,863,730	6,700	3.6
		Average	3.4

And next is a list of eight American cities with the same classification of figures, taken from the most recent reports obtainable.

City	Population	Policemen	Policemen Per 1,000 of Pop.
New York....	6,015,000	13,301	2.2
Chicago	2,942,605	6,061	2
Philadelphia..	1,951,076	4,020	2
Detroit	990,800	2,331	2.3
Cleveland	912,512	1,465	1.6
Baltimore ...	784,938	1,881	2.4
Boston	776,780	2,126	2.7
Los Angeles..	710,000	2,514	3.5
		Average	2.3

In a measure it is unfair to draw the comparisons as given by the figures in the two groups above, principally because the conditions are so different. But if we set them down side by side the comparisons are only unfair because *almost any part of civilized Europe is about ten times as law abiding as any part of the United States.* However, we will take the figures as they stand, and on this basis of comparative populations alone, and utilizing the European average ratios of 3.4 policemen per 1,000 of population, the American cities mentioned should have police forces as follows:

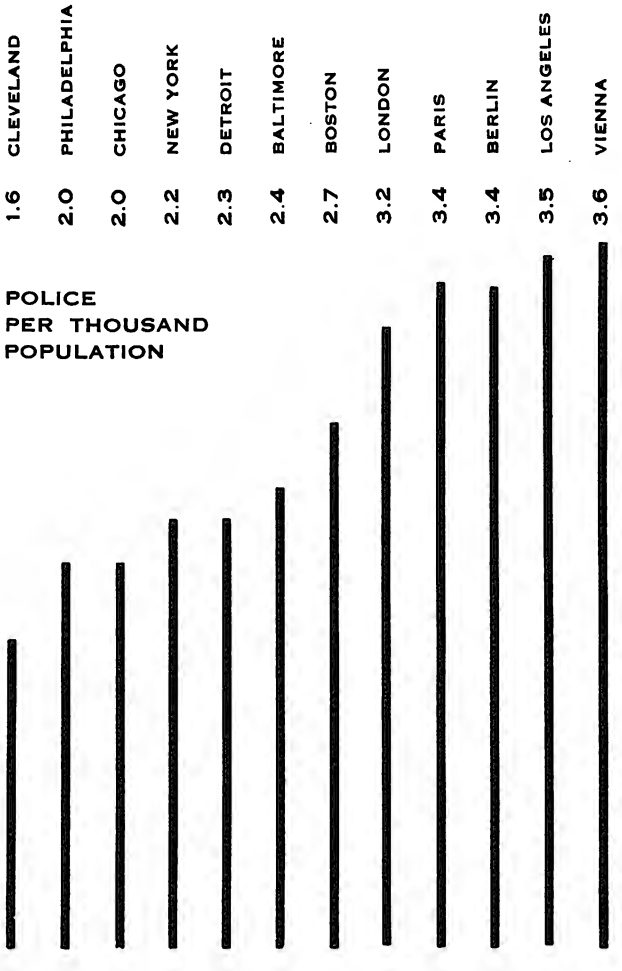
New York	20,451
Chicago	10,028
Philadelphia	6,633
Detroit	3,369
Cleveland	3,100
Baltimore	2,665
Boston	2,631
Los Angeles	2,414

It will be seen that Los Angeles is the only city that is adequately policed according to European standards. The rest are approximately 50% undermanned. But our criminal record indicates most clearly that the European ratio is by no means high enough, if we are going to provide adequate protection to our citizens. My own observation leads me to believe that a ratio of five policemen per thousand of population is nearer the requisite mark.

Any of the force totals given for our American cities seem large considered in the mass as given, but unfortunately they don't represent effective patrolling units. The conditions as they exist in the United States produce some startling figures. For purposes of example we may take New York as representing a fair illustration. It has over 13,000 policemen in all. Yet it will probably shock its citizenry to learn that *at no time during the twenty-four hours of any day are there more than* 1,500 *policemen available for patrol duty.*

Put it another way: 12% of the police force is engaged in protecting the city. That means that the active protective, or patrolling ratio, is now .24 per thousand of population. Or about one-eighth as effective as the figures would indicate. The causes of this situation are indicative of one of the reasons why any comparison of European with American ratios is absurd, or, as previously stated, unfair. In American cities about 15% of the entire effective force is devoted to traffic regulation. Europe has

(*Continued on page* 66)



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EDITORIALS

Intelligent Investment

To procrastinate is bad. To save at the spiggot and lose at the bung is worse. And to spend public funds blindly is the worst. Yet one of the three is almost invariably done when traffic control receives consideration.

Often has it been stated, and it seems generally accepted, that traffic delays and accidents cost the American public $15 per year per person. Only one in five is a "breadwinner", which means that those who earn must pay the loss of the other four. This brings the total to $75. In a way, even this figure is inadequate. It includes only dead overhead during delays and the actual value of property destroyed in accidents.

Entirely unconsidered is the "prospective" loss to each one of us which, though very real, cannot be computed. If you are a shopkeeper and there is congestion in front of your place of business, contemplated purchases will not be made because it is too much bother. If you are a man-at-a-desk and are held up in traffic you will miss a prospect and a possible profit. If you are a professional man, a scientist, an artist, and are delayed en route you will lose the return from that time otherwise spent at your vocation. It is that which constitutes your capital, and a minute past is one which cannot be re-lived. Should you, an artisan, through lack of restraint of heedless driving, be injured, it might mean incapacitation for your craft.

These are not remote contingencies; they are but a few of the myriad of unconsidered incidents which make an every day, and they bring the real total of your loss through badly handled traffic to many times the figure given.

The regulation necessary to eliminate this waste is no longer a question of guesswork; it is a science. The problem has been analytically studied —the basic principles of its solution have been long since established. The application of those fundamentals to local conditions alone remains to be made by each community.

That "the past is gone, the future never comes" is much overworked as an excuse for today's drinking, but it also suggests that the present *only* is the time to act. Work scheduled for the Mexican's *manana* is never done at all. Procrastination spells zero in results.

To be "penny wise, pound foolish" is worse even than deferring action. Blocking a project because of its immediate cost is the height of shortsightedness when through an investment of $2,000 in corrective measures at a single point one American community has saved a proven total of $32,000. Sixteen for one is the race-track gambler's dream come true, the business man's idea.

And useless to the point of ridiculousness are they who wave aside the present plan to prate of ornamental boulevards, overhead driveways and underground parking areas. Sound building for the future is essential, but while dreamers vision in terms of years the need is for organization to be effected in minutes.

Your police department knows its job. No longer is the policeman a political protege. He is a student of his profession. He has analyzed this, your problem, just as a manufacturer has his routing, an artist his medium, an engineer his data, a merchandiser his market—and he knows the practical solution. He knows how to use to best advantage the facilities which are his; he has cut the costs to a minimum.

There is a recommendation for the betterment of traffic conditions before your community for consideration now. If there is not there soon will be. It means the methodical cutting down of that many times seventy-five dollars of your money which is now thrown away. You, Mr. or Mrs. Breadwinner, Taxpayer and Voter, have a voice in your administration. When the men whom you have employed—your own police—present their plans, forget elaboration, limitation and hesitation. Remember that that plan will reduce your present loss. In your own interests—boost for its adoption.

Preventing Pyromania

PYROMANIA has been variously attributed to feeble-mindedness, disorder of the sexual instinct, a neuratic compulsion, to epilepsies, or in some of the neuroses to a *Zwangshandlungen.*

Whatever its prompting, Pyromania remains the momentarily irresistible impulse to set fires.

Teach the police to scent an impulse unknown even to the unbalanced mentality in which it lurks and you have shifted to their broad shoulders the responsibility of checking pyromania.

There is a fascination in fires to all of us—beauty in flame, majesty in upcurling smoke, thrill in the roar and crash of falling beams and the battle of man with an element—that is normal.

But if one becomes intensely excited, inflamed, inspired—watch that person. He is a potential or actual maniac.

Mr. Garrett has defined the symptoms on page forty. He has described the carelessness which awakes the impulse. It is up to each one of us to watch; report, clean up!

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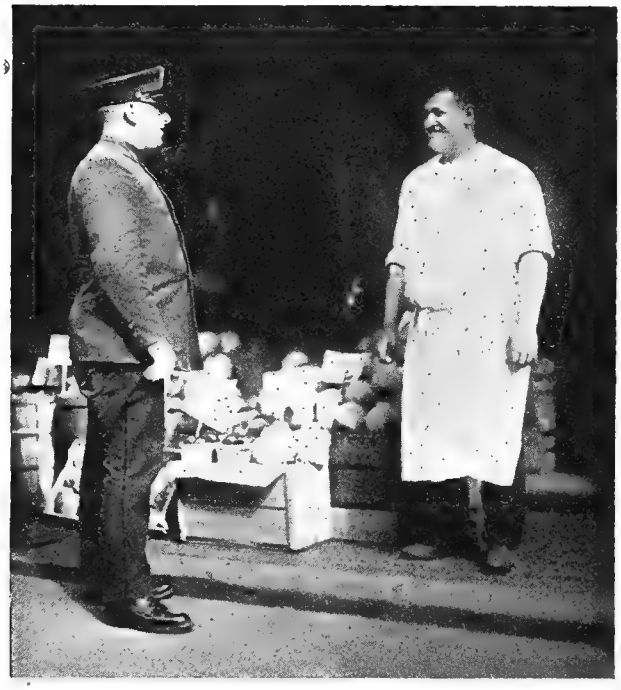
Butcher, Baker, Candlestick Maker

By An Old Patrolman

Illustrated with specially posed photograph
By Gilliams

THERE was a poet lived on my beat a lot of years ago. He told me himself he was a poet, and he used to try to prove it to me on those nights when I was urging him to go home to his bed, and he was trying to get me to admit that a poet was more use than a policeman. There was one thing he called a quatrain that sticks in my mind now after maybe fifteen years since this poet used to tell it to the street. Usually he was more than a little fuddled before he got to it, and he'd come weaving up the street waving his hand at the shop windows—and there was nothing else but shop windows on that street—and announce that it worried him considerably to have to live

"Where little men
with little souls
Rise up to buy and
sell."



The patrolman gets to know the storekeeper.

And then he'd explain to me why storekeepers could never be other than what they were, and that if he had his way there'd be a city ordinance making the profession of storekeeping extra-hazardous, by allowing anyone to shoot them with impunity. Well, being broke most of the time as he was, maybe he found the storekeepers on that street pretty hard hearted when it came to a trade. Personally I got along all right with the storekeepers, principally because I realize that if there were no stores there'd soon be no dwellings, and then mighty little population.

They're mighty important, the storekeepers, and so it's no wonder that the policeman has to keep a pretty careful eye out for their interests. Stores offer easy temptation to the crook because they are left alone for so many hours, guarded only by a few locks. Of course crooks enter dwellings, too, but they don't enter one quarter as many dwellings as they do stores, even if the store is on a busy street.

The patrolman soon gets to know the storekeepers on his post, and he ought to know as much about them as he can. I used to keep a memorandum book with the home addresses and telephone numbers of most of the merchants on my beat in it, so that if anything did go wrong nights I could get hold of them. And I had plenty of use for that little book.

You wouldn't believe a man would go off at 6 o'clock at night and leave his store unlocked, would you? But it's done so often that no cop of more than a year's experience is surprised when he finds an open door.

When the patrolman makes his first tour after the stores are closed he looks them over pretty carefully. It's not so hard to tell whether a store has been tampered with since your last visit if you use a few simple tricks. Lots of stores use padlocks to close up with. I don't like them much because a short steel bar can be used to twist them off the hasp, but they're popular. The best way to handle padlocked stores is to turn all the locks one way on the first round, and then if they've been moved or tampered with when you next see them, they'll stand some investigating. But that doesn't always work. Here is a case where it didn't.

I had fixed all my padlocks on my first round one night, and on the second trip around I passed a jewelry store that seemed all right. At the curb was a motor car with a man working at the engine. As I came along a woman stepped out of the car to the sidewalk and as she did so I heard something fall with a tinkling sound. It was a diamond ring, I saw in the flash of the electric light, but I passed on as if I had noticed nothing. Quick as lightning it occurred to me that something was wrong at the jewelry store, so I got my gun out, crossed over and down the other side, trying a couple of doors as I went, then back again to the jewelry store. While the padlock was in the right position it fell open when I touched it, and as it did the woman started away on the run.

(*Continued on page* 63)

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New

Lanterns

"Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any one creed or system."

—WARD

By SAMUEL McCOY

Joseph A. Faurot, Third Deputy Police Commissioner, New York City

HAS science discovered any new way of compelling a man to tell the truth?

Is there any new method that supplants the old "third degree" in police work?

When you ask those questions of Deputy Chief Inspector Fay, he laughs. He is Chief of Staff in the Detective Bureau of New York City's Police Department. Gray-haired, iron-jawed, quick-witted, he has been fighting the criminals of New York for nearly thirty years.

"I've been a long time on the job," says Inspector Fay, "and I'm still wondering what they mean by 'third degree.' 'Third degree?' Nonsense! That's movie stuff! The man who invented that phrase had an ingenious mind, to say the least. I've never seen the 'third degree'—and I've certainly been in a position to see it, if it ever existed. The only way I ever knew of, for getting the truth out of a prisoner, is to question him. You know the police question every man they arrest before he is brought to court. They are required to do so, by law."

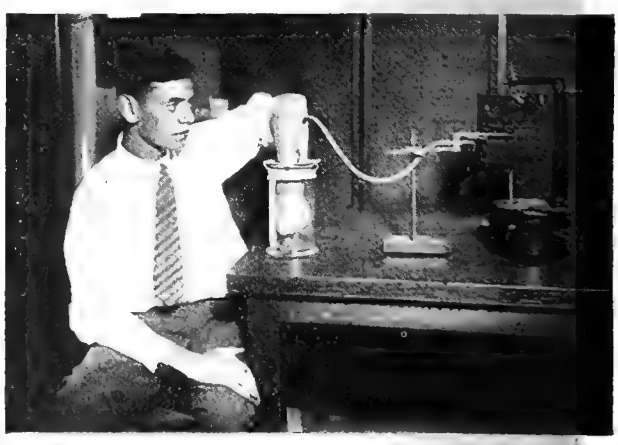
"Yes, but it has been said that this questioning is sometimes accompanied by physical cruelties to the prisoner. Is that true?"

"Never! Never where I was!"

Another famous detective makes the same assertion—Cunniffe, of the District Attorney's office, who has been a member of New York's detective force for a quarter of a century.

Just ten years ago there was a murder which rocked the city's political leadership. An Italian had become ruler of the Italian votes of the city, had delivered them to the Mayoralty candidate, had been rewarded by being made a Commissioner, and was now desirous of election to Congress. One of his lieutenants started an insurrection and soon exhibited a strength which was alarming. The city read one morning that the man had been found murdered—murdered to get him "out of the way."

Cunniffe was the man who gathered the evidence—evidence which sent one man to Sing Sing for life and all but put the "big boss" behind the bars, too, as instigator of the murder. He questioned hundreds of people to get that evidence. He has ques-



The Plethyzmograph, which detects variations in the pulse

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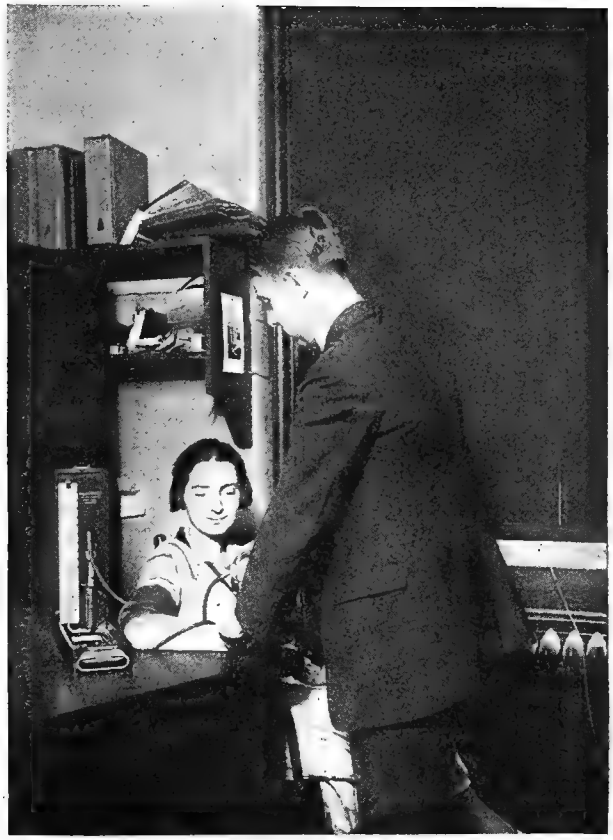
¶ *Democritus says: "But we know nothing really; for truth lies deep down."*

For Diogenes

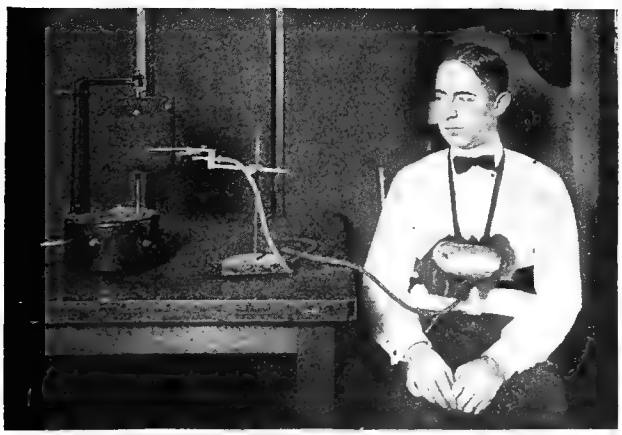
Illustrated with specially posed photographs by Gilliams, through courtesy of Columbia University



The Sphygmomanometer, which tests variations of blood pressure

tioned thousands in his twenty-five years of police work.

"That's all there is to it," he told me. "Just questioning, plain and simple. If there was ever any 'rough work' attached to it, *I* never heard of it in *my* time. To get the truth out of a criminal, you ask questions—ask them of him, and of everybody who ever heard of him. Take the answers, compare them, check up each statement, then go over the ground again—and repeat, till you get the final truth. It's an old method, and a good method; and I don't know of anyone who is trying new methods—unless it's Vollmer."



The Pneumegraph, which records variations in breathing

August Vollmer is a police official who believes in using new methods of detecting crime. He has been Chief of Police of Berkeley, California, and president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. He listened to what Dr. F. C. Moore, President of the University of California, at Berkeley, had to say about ways in which a guilty person is bound to betray himself, and began to experiment for himself.

Now let's go back a little—forty-six years. In 1879, Sir Francis Galton, the famous anthropologist and originator of the finger-print system of identification, first devised what is known as the "word association test." For perhaps thirty years this test was used only by teachers of psychology, in classroom work, and was unknown outside the scientific world; but, some fifteen years ago, it first began to be used occasionally in police investigative work.

Galton's "word-association test" is based on an observation known to everyone. If you ask someone a simple question, and he hesitates before answering, you know at once that there must be, as we say, "something on his mind." Else, why should such an easy question confuse him?

Galton and his successors, men like Professor William James, Dr. Sigmund Freud and Dr. Jung, went into this generally known fact to find out what lay beneath it. They got up lists of fifty or a hundred simple words and asked various people to submit to this test:

The examiner would pronounce the first word on

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the list. The one to answer was requested to speak any word which came to mind, suggested by the word read from the list. It was found that when the word "table," for example, is spoken, an average of 267 out of every 1,000 persons at once will say "chair" as the word which next suggests itself. If you pronounce the word "dark," an average of 427 persons out of every 1,000 will quickly respond by saying "light," as the word suggested to them by "dark."

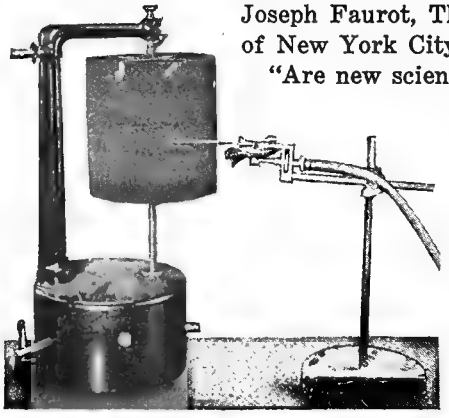
Then they got what they called the "reaction time" of the persons they questioned. They timed the interval each hesitated before answering. This is done with split-second watches, or an instrument of great delicacy known as a kymograph. It was found that normal persons will answer, usually, within three seconds. That is, a person of quick intelligence might make his replies in from one and one-tenth to one and four-tenths seconds. Another's "reaction time" might vary from one and two-tenths seconds to two and two-tenths seconds. A third person might answer some words in one and two-tenths seconds and yet be obliged to pause three seconds before thinking of some word to link with another word read off from the list. And all these variations would show normal "reaction times."

But now see what happens when *abnormal* conditions exist in the mind of the person answering. Suppose he is a man who has, at some time or other in his life, received a shock with which some certain object was connected. Mention that object, and there is a slight pause observable before he answers naturally. Or perhaps he cannot answer at all. . . . That is to say, if any of the words on the list are bound up in the mind of the person answering with any painful or embarrassing memories, the time he will take to answer will be five seconds or more, instead of three seconds or less.

Obviously, any person with a guilty conscience will show this hesitation when objects which figure in the deed of which he is ashamed are named, and he is asked to supply other words suggested by those words. An innocent person will pass over the same words without the slightest hesitation.

An underlying reason for the use of the word-association test in only a hundred instances or so out of the thousands upon thousands of arrests in New York City is supplied by R. B. Franken, lecturer on psychology at the New York University, a scientist who has at all times kept in mind both the value of scientific theory and the necessities of practical police work.

"Any number of successful instances of the word-association test in police investigation may be cited," he told me, "and yet the official who employs it is really working in the dark, because he has no base for determining the normal reaction time of the prisoner. You can't tabulate men's minds in the way you can tabulate their finger-prints. And even if you could, at immense trouble, the records could not remain true forever. Men's minds are not fixed, like their finger-prints, from birth to the grave. They are changing constantly. The word-association test can never be used to any great extent, even if it does provide help occasionally to the solving of crime."



The Kymograph, a timing instrument of great delicacy

Vollmer also used an apparatus contrived by Dr. John Larson, a university graduate connected with the Berkeley police force, in the examination of suspected persons. This apparatus, called a sphygmomanometer, was not originally invented by Dr. Larson, but has been used, in one form or other, in scientific study for many years.

In its simplest form it is the apparatus used by a physician in determining a person's blood-pressure —a silk or soft rubber tube, which, when flat, is wrapped around the arm above the elbow and is then pumped full of air. The blood pressure, pushing against this air pressure, is registered on a dial moved by the air as it tries to escape from the tube.

Science has discovered that when a person is attempting to lie or evade the truth his blood pressure varies. The dial hand jumps startingly—fifty or sixty points. Other contrivances to detect mental agitation are the "plethyzmograph," a modification of the old-fashioned galvanometer which was invented a century ago, and which is used to detect variations in a person's pulse; and the "numegraph," which detects variations in his breathing.

Are any of these pieces of apparatus of substantial practical value as means whereby the old-style police methods of bringing the truth out of suspected criminals may be discarded?

Let's hear from the man who has been called "one of the most scientific police officials in America"—Joseph Faurot, Third Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City.

"Are new scientific methods of getting the truth out of suspected criminals taking the place of older methods?" I asked Faurot. "Fifty thousand arrests are made in New York City each year, and he ought to know.

"The methods adopted," he answered, "all depend upon the type of prisoner. It all rests on a study of human nature.

"My usual method is to take down the prisoner's statement when he is first brought in, in just the form he is willing to make it. The next day, when we have gathered additional information, we question him again, pointing our questions from the light of this information. We then analyze the discrepancies

(*Continued on page* 82)

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The Reprieve

¶ *Fitzgerald, guilty of the unpardonable crime, takes the off chance and crashes through.*

An Incident in the Life of An OFFICER Attached to the

SEVENTH DETECTIVE DIVISION
Brooklyn

MASON
—a tall man with broad shoulders and arrogant manner—eyes shifty and suspicious

FITZGERALD
—a quietly-dressed intelligent-looking man about thirty-five.

Retold by
CHARLES SAMUELS

Illustrated by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

"DETECTIVE MATTHEW FITZGERALD!"

The trial room of Brooklyn Police Headquarters was as still as a deaf and dumb asylum around the hour of midnight when First Deputy Commissioner William Malcolm called off the leading name on his list. It was that official's unpleasant duty two mornings of each week to act as Trial Commissioner and review the evidence against officers of the Brooklyn precincts charged with offenses ranging from appearing for inspection with soiled gloves to the major crimes of accepting a bribe and allowing a prisoner to escape.

A quietly-dressed, intelligent-looking man about thirty-five rose from his seat on a rear bench and came forward. The clerk read out the charge in a solemn voice.

"Detective Matthew Fitzgerald (210th precinct) —On March 21, last, while bringing a prisoner accused of burglary from New Orleans, La., did allow said prisoner to escape from moving train near Philadelphia, Pa."

"Well, detective, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, Commissioner. There is no excuse."

The Trial Commissioner elevated his bushy eyebrows. "Well, you had better tell me just how it happened. How did he get away from you? I have to make a report on your case to Commissioner Murphy, you know."

Fitzgerald shrugged his shoulders and plunged into the story without any preliminaries. "The train I was bringing the prisoner home on stopped just outside of Philadelphia to take on water. Winters, (that was the prisoner's name) asked me if I wouldn't take the handcuffs off so he could wash himself decently. He had had them on since we'd left New Orleans. From want of sleep or something I must have felt foolish and I unlocked them.

"You know, Commissioner, how small those train washrooms are? They're not big enough for two men to get into comfortably. So I let him inside and held the door open to watch him. Suddenly the train gave a jerk in starting and threw me off balance. I grabbed the walls to brace myself but before I knew it Winters had leaped at me and pushed me off balance. In a second he had the door locked on me. It couldn't have taken me much more than a minute to crash through the door but the prisoner had already escaped through the window."

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From Mimi he learned the story of the triangle of the cabaret-owner, Wee Willie and Edna Triona

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"Did you jump out after him?"

"I tried to, Commissioner, but the window was too small. The prisoner was a very small man—they called him Wee Willie Winters."

"Yet he was big enough to push you off balance!" suggested the Trial Commissioner. "What did you do after he escaped?"

Fitzgerald described how he had searched for Winters and notified the police of Philadelphia and his own chief, Captain Taylor, who ordered him to come back to New York immediately.

"The case will be referred to Commissioner Murphy!" thundered the man behind the desk when the story was finished.

Fitzgerald found himself out on the street. "The case will be referred to Commissioner Murphy!" The words drummed themselves into his ears. This would be his finish as a detective, he could see that. Considering every aspect of the case he found not a single ray of hope. To that stern disciplinarian, Murphy, his twelve years of good work in the Detective Division would mean nothing.

That evening, smoking his pipe in the little flat he had shared with his mother until her death three months before, Matthew Fitzgerald reviewed his life.

His father before him had been a detective. As soon as he had grown old enough to realize the significance of his dad's shiny silver badge, to become a plain-clothes man had been his goal. At twenty-one he had become one of the city's "finest." Three years of pounding the pavements and then his chance. Twelve years of good work in the Manhattan Beach precinct and finally—this. Allowing a prisoner to escape is worse, in Department eyes, than murder. Sometimes there is an excuse for killing a man but the other crime is unforgivable under any circumstances.

Matthew Fitzgerald hadn't it in him to understand the strange mental twist that had caused him, ordinarily the most careful of sleuths, to take a chance. Even though Wee Willie was so small and unaggressive it might not have happened if Fitzgerald hadn't been almost unconscious for lack of sleep.

The sleuth grimly realized that a transfer back to uniformed duty was the best he could hope for. Commissioner Murphy, old friend though he was, would hardly be able to overlook such negligence. Three medals and half a dozen honorable mentions would mean nothing. Detective Fitzgerald had committed the unpardonable offense and that was—unpardonable.

A week later he sat in the anteroom of Commissioner Murphy's office awaiting the verdict. Although he wasn't feeling exactly cheerful his outlook was far brighter than at any time since Wee Willie Winter had escaped from him. He had thought of something that might save him from being reduced. The door of the private office swung open and the secretary of the big boss came out.

"You're next, Fitzgerald."

The Commissioner was writing and did not look up immediately. When he did so the detective's keen eyes failed to read his fate on the older man's face.

"Sit down, Fitz," Murphy indicated a chair by the side of his desk. "I want to talk to you. You understand, of course, that I have to put you back in a uniform. But I've just been looking over your record and I certainly want to congratulate you on it—if that means anything. But my hands are tied. If I didn't put you back on the street for letting Winters get away, the papers would be after me like a pack of wolves. They'd give anything to get something on the administration. They'd pick up a molehill like this and make a mountain out of it.

"Of course there are other reasons why I have to do what I'm doing. Discipline for one and——"

Fitzgerald could not wait any longer. He interrupted the Commissioner and played his only card. "Suppose I knew I could get Winters again. Would you give me a chance? Would you give me six months off without pay if I promise to bring him back again."

"How long had you been without sleep when your prisoner got away?"

"Four days."

"There's the real reason for his escape. You were so crazy for sleep you hardly knew what you were doing." The Commissioner rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I'll do it. The cop you've been and the one your father was before you tells me you'll make good. Monday, you'll get your leave of absence. Keep it quiet—no one must know what you're doing. Don't even tell your friends in your precinct bureau."

Fitzgerald's face lighted up, "Thank you, Commissioner."

"Another thing," added Murphy, "get him alive if possible. If we have to kill men before we can capture them, we're not exactly what you would call great detectives."

The following Monday morning Fitzgerald turned in his badge at the Manhattan Beach station and started for the furnished room on 127th Street, Harlem, which he had rented the preceding Saturday.

His plan to re-arrest Wee Willie Winters hadn't taken him long to formulate. On the way north from New Orleans the diminutive burglar had proved a talkative prisoner.

"I know who it was gave you bulls the tip that I was in New Orleans. It was Ben Mason, the bird who runs a cabaret—he's the biggest, all-around rat in Harlem. Mason and me are stuck on the same jane. See? Oh, never mind her name—she does a song and dance up in his joint."

Although while Winters was talking, Fitzgerald had feigned boredom, he had taken in every word. All of it was imprinted in his memory.

"He must have seen a letter I wrote to her from New Orleans and slipped the word to Headquarters.

(*Continued on page* 75)

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¶The pyromaniac's mind, inflamed, out of control, knows nothing of reason

Fire

A STUDY

By
OLIVER H. P. GARRETT

THE other men who worked in the big jewelry shop spoke of him as old. It was more the length of his service for the firm and the solid, unquestioned nature of his position than his age. He wasn't more than forty-five years old but it seemed he had been there and would be there for ever.

It was natural he should be even more affected by the fire than the firm members themselves—there was nothing but a twisted heap of ashes and girders where the smartest jewelry shop in town had been. For the firm members there was undoubtedly insurance. For old Tom, the foreman, there was nothing. The work bench where he had stood for twenty years was gone; his shining tools, each in a separate case, were somewhere under the heap, melted or smoke-scarred.

The others stood off from him as if by common consent, as he stood ankle-deep in water, his pale eyes blood-shot, peering through the smoke. His gray head was thrown forward. His hands were sunk deep in his work apron. Even the young boys, inclined to view the fire as a lark, felt something of old Tom's tragedy.

The Fire Marshal pushed through, asking for Tom. The group pointed, silently, a little resentful that he should intrude on Tom's sorrow. But Tom had discovered the fire and the Fire Marshal had to ask him the usual questions. The foreman scarcely turned his head as he spoke. He told of his arrival at the store, before anyone else as usual, of his finding the workroom in flames, of his pulling the alarm. The questions finished, old Tom turned and trudged home. It was the first time in twenty years he had arrived home before dinner time. To his surprised wife he told of the fire briefly, then complained of a headache and took to his bed.

In due time there came to Providence, R. I., where the fire had been, a smooth-spoken young man from New York. He mixed with the jewelry workers in their new shop. They believed him to be a new employee. But to firm members he was known as an investigator from the Arson Bureau. The company believed the fire had been incendiary, set by some disgruntled workers who had been discharged a short time before. To Tom he talked often. Finally he told the old man who he was and the foreman seemed very eager to help him find the incendiary.

A week after his arrival, the investigator visited Police Headquarters. He told the Police Chief:

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¶For the excitement of flames and fire engines he lays his devastating torch

Fiends

in

FLAME

Illustrated with photographs by Gilliams Service

"I want a warrant for the arrest of the man who set the jewelry store fire."

"Who is it?" asked the Chief smiling.

"The old fellow, Tom, the foreman."

"You're crazy, man," said the Chief. "I've known Tom all my life. We were in school together, I won't give you a warrant for any such business."

But the young man told the Chief he had learned something which others had overlooked. Tom had said he discovered the fire the moment he arrived at the shop, yet Tom, watching the fire, had worn his work apron, which he kept in the workroom. Further, the fire alarm had been turned in by him at 6:30 o'clock in the morning. For twenty years he had arrived at the shop promptly at seven o'clock. When he was reminded of this he said he had a special order to work on which had taken him there earlier than his custom, but the shop records didn't bear him out.

The Chief agreed to go himself and talk with Tom. The Chief waited in another room with the door open, while the investigator talked with the foreman. The young man told him what he had learned.

"You set that fire, Tom," he said. "Now tell me about it."

"Yes," said Tom. "I set it."

"Why?"

Tom shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I felt I had to do it. It just got hold of me."

The Chief, Tom's schoolmate, came into the room. Tom repeated his confession. He told of coming to the store early. Habit had led him to put on his work apron before he began his careful preparations to set the fire; he had not noticed the apron until he reached home. He finished talking and fell back, white, exhausted.

"Water," he said faintly.

"My God," said the Chief and ran from the room to get water, the young investigator on his heels.

They returned. Tom brushed his hand to his lips, then drank deeply. In a few minutes he fell back in the chair, dead. At the hospital physicians found cyanide of potassium in the pocket of his work apron. He had kept it there apparently for just such a purpose and had pinched off a tiny bit while he sent the two men for water.

An autopsy showed that Tom had been suffering from a brain disease. There had not been any symptoms. Only his wife, with whom he had lived for twenty years or more, recalled that a week be-

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A score of children were burned to death

fore the fire he had been acting a little strangely. But even the autopsy did not completely satisfy the Police Chief that Tom had set the fire.

"He had no motive," he said bewilderedly.

It is the lack of tangible motive which makes the pyromaniac the most difficult man in the world to catch. In almost every other form of crime the police make the motive their starting point. But the pyromaniac cannot be fitted into any such reasoned pattern. His mind, inflamed and out of control, knows nothing of reason or its dictates. He has an overpowering desire to set fires, and he sets them.

The fire itself helps to hide his identity. Usually fire destroys its own origin. It is only when the blaze is caught at its start that the firemen stumbling through the smoke come upon piled rubbish, gasoline or kerosene cans, or other evidence that the pyromaniac has been there.

None knows how many potential pyromaniacs there are. Not even how many confirmed firebugs are in action. All that is known is that the number is large, dangerously large, and that it is growing. It is estimated even by insurance company officials, whose tendency would be under-exaggeration, that of the $548,000,000 in property destroyed by fire last year, nearly $150,000,000 was lost through incendiarism. Of that huge sum a large part may be traced to the pyromaniac and to his sane blood brother, the "torch," as the underworld terms the professional incendiary who sets fires for hire.

$548,000,000 *in property destroyed by fire last year*

Where the smartest shop in town had been

The official insurance figures for incendiarism are much lower; it is necessary to go back of them. They include only those fires in which incendiarism has been proved. Most of the destructive work of the pyromaniac and the "torch" lies hidden in the huge figure of fires from "unknown causes," which comprises one-third of the total annual fire loss. Into this group go all "suspicious" fires of which the culprits have not been found.

As the annual fire loss grows larger the number of pyromaniacs increases. Fire suggests fire to the pyromaniac. Fire becomes a mania to some just as kleptomania seizes a few. The desire usually shows itself in youth, but there are striking instances, such as that of old Tom, the foreman, of men of middle age or older, who have been swept beyond the borderline of sanity by the strange excitement fire affords. To these a pile of papers in an alleyway, a baby carriage left under a staircase, a cluttered loft, may offer a sudden and compelling temptation; among the ceaseless thousands marching by there may be many potential pyromaniacs, to whom fortunately the opportunity has not yet come.

F. R. Morgaridge, who directs the investigators of the Arson Bureau of the National Board of Fire Underwriters in their work all over the country, has found among many pyromaniacs an apparent sex lust in the setting of fires. In his opinion, and those of other experts, this explains the large number of pyromaniacs found among the boys and girls in their teens.

It is the passion of the pyromaniac for the excitement of the fire that alone offers a manner of catching him. Almost always the man who set the fire is somewhere within sight of it when the engines arrive. Frequently he is the man who pulled the alarm; not a few times he is the one who makes rescues and helps the firemen batter their way into the house, or arouses the occupants and leads them to safety. It is a common thing for a pyromaniac to be discovered in a volunteer fire department, where he has a front seat for all the excitement. And always he attends the fires he sets.

For this reason, Fire Marshals and detectives, in every part of the country, have a similar manner of procedure when they arrive at the scene of a suspicious fire. They talk with all the heroes, with the man who pulled the alarm; they wander through the excited people crowding the fire lines looking for

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Traces of the pyromaniac go up in smoke

faces, familiar faces which they can remember having seen at previous fires.

The memory of Thomas P. Brophy, Fire Marshal in New York City, is an amazing instrument. He will spot a face at a fire and be able to tell at what fire in what part of town and when he saw that face before. When Mr. Brophy sees a familiar face at two different fires in widely separated parts of town he wants to know why that face is there. He finds out. Not once, but scores of times, Mr. Brophy in that way has placed his hands on dangerous firebugs.

There are pyromaniacs whose depredations are separated by periods of many years. In the interval they live normal lives until a new and obvious temptation comes to them. Fire swept a convent school in Canada. A score of young children were burned to death. It was only when a search of the records showed that more than twenty years ago a woman of her description had been convicted of arson in the United States that responsibility was placed upon one of the nuns. She confessed.

In the work of most pyromaniacs there appears a definite exhibitionism, the desire to exploit themselves. This leads them to take a prominent part in the fires of their own making, and it explains, probably, why once a pyromaniac is captured he confesses without hesitation not only to the fire in question but to many others. Sometimes he confesses to fires he has not set.

In Cambridge, Md., a policeman heard the fire siren as he was patrolling the principal street at night. There were no signals to give the location of the fire, only a single siren blast. Puzzled, he stood looking about for the flare of flames. From an alley two small boys darted out and headed directly down the street. He followed them. They led the way without deviation to the fire. He wondered how the boys happened to know the fire's location so well. He questioned them. They confessed to setting it and others. Their first venture in pyromania had been when both stood behind a livery stable and dared each other to toss a match into a pile of straw. Both threw matches simultaneously. The stable burned and with it a number of helpless animals. The boys found the excitement highly enjoyable and tried their hands on other buildings. The pyromaniac never wishes to take human life;

The boys found the excitement highly enjoyable

the danger to fellow beings does not enter his calculations.

There was consternation in a small Pennsylvania city over a series of fires in the surrounding countryside. Each night three or more barns went up in flames. State troopers and posses of citizens patrolled the roads but always the firebug struck in an unsuspected quarter. Barricades were flung across the roads. Men went armed. One night a fire sprang out only a short distance from a citizen patrol. The whole countryside closed in to put out the flames. A small boy was noticed going away from the fire; everyone else was going toward it. He was questioned. He was a bellboy in a hotel in the city; he was regarded highly by his employers. He admitted being responsible for all the fires.

A series of fires broke out in Marian, Md., raising the whole town to a high pitch of excitement. Lives and property were in constant danger. Detectives could get nowhere. Only two left-handed finger prints were found on window panes of half-burned buildings. A thick-set Dutchman, an investigator from New York, was called in. He noticed that in all of the unburned parts of the buildings there were little piles of tobacco as if someone had nervously emptied a pipe again and again while walking through the rooms. He suggested to the Police

(*Continued on page* 93)

$150,000,000 ***was lost through incendiarism***

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Mary

"Send the manicure", she began haughtily, ending in an apologetic murmur, "If ye plaze, sur-r!"

Mary

And Gary O'Toole to the Rescue Unscrambles Them

MARY lifted the telephone receiver gingerly from its hook and called the hotel office.

"Send the manicure up to Mrs. Bullen, Room 552," she began haughtily, ending on a richly Hibernian, apologetic murmur—"if ye plaze, sur-r!"

"That's a *fine* way to talk!"

At sound of the angry, jeering voice behind her, Mary clamped down the receiver, whirled about, and raised dismayed deep blue eyes to the swarthy, stockily-built man who stood with his feet planted wide apart, his heavy chin thrust forward, and his hands in the trousers' pockets of his loudly expensive suit.

"I made a good start, Jake," she pleaded conciliatingly. "Mebbe ye didn't hear me orderin' up the manicure like she was no more'n breakfast on a tray."

"And going on your knees at the end of it," sneered Jake. *"'If ye plaze, sur-r!'"*

He took her roughly in his arms. "You'll do all right if you keep your mouth shut till you learn how to use it." He closed the offending member with a hard, bruising kiss. "But, remember, now—we're the *feet-wipers*—not the door-mats."

"Oh, Jake!" Mary clung to his coat with roughened, work-worn fingers. "Jake—can't we just be happy with the money and not wipe our feet on folks? I want a *home*—"

"Stick around, kid, till I can get out to Woolworth's and buy you one," grinned Jake. "You don't want me to spend all my great-uncle's coin at one clip, do you?"

"Yer *'great-uncle!'*" Mary drew back, her blue eyes wide. "Why, ye said it was yer *aunt* that died a widow and left you all she had!"

"Sure it was my aunt," rasped Jake. "Can't you take a joke?"

At the sound of rapping knuckles on the outer door of their suite, he started nervously, then looked relieved. "There's your manicure. I'll beat it down to the barber's."

"Oh, wait a minute, Jake. Did ye bring up the paper?"

"Sure—here it is." He pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket.

Mary scanned it disappointedly. "I meant the *extry* they was callin'. Sounded like somebody was *murdered.*"

"I didn't find no extra," growled Jake. "They're nothing but fakes, anyhow. Here's the *real* news." And with a wink at the incoming vividly blonde manicurist, he departed.

Somewhat less than an hour later Mary found herself with time on her hands. Smooth, pink-nailed, miraculously changed hands, that she spread out and admired with childish delight.

Jake had not shown up, and she decided to take a little stroll in Central Park. The Fifty-ninth Street entrance was only a block away from the hotel, and in the five days of her bridehood Mary had more than once sought peace within its verdant borders. She was tired of the shopping district—actually weary of seeing fine clothes. It had been such an anxious task, getting herself outfitted to please the profanely critical Jake, and though she delighted in the feel of silk next her skin, as any woman does, she was already unhap-

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"That's a fine way to talk! Keep your mouth shut till you learn how to use it."

Scrambles the Eggs

Jake

Built around an incident in the life of

JAMES D. GREGSON, Detective Sergeant, San Francisco Police Department.

By ELIZABETH WARREN

Illustrated by CHARLES ANDREW BRYSON

pily aware that fine textures do not always suffice to keep the heart warm. Her longing for Romance—with a capital R—had clothed Jake Bullen in false virtues that he was discarding even more rapidly than is customary with bridegrooms. And like a warning, painful knock upon her heart, came the feeling—again and again—that *something* was *wrong*.

She walked across Fifth Avenue and on into the Park, but before she had gone many yards she looked for a bench to rest her feet, which were far from comfortable, tilted forward on French heels. Going up in the world with Jake Bullen had its penalties. But threatening corns and callouses notwithstanding, Mary was distractingly pretty in lustrous black satin, pearl chain and picture hat that revealed her dusky hair in tantalizing glimpses. And when her black-fringed blue eyes met the glance of a certain big, young, red-haired policeman she could see that his interest was growing with each encounter, though no word had passed between them.

In a pleasant flurry of alarm, Mary sought refuge with a fat three-year-old boy and his nurse, whose acquaintance she had ventured to make the day before.

"Good morning!" greeted Mary cordially.

Now park policemen are nursemaids' meat, and this particular thin-lipped infant's guardian regarded Mary's reappearance on the scene in new splendor as poaching on her own preserves. Her response, therefore, was stiff with resentment. But, obsessed by hunger for things common to her nature, Mary misinterpreted the nursemaid's attitude and sat down beside her friendlily.

"Hello, little dear," Mary smiled at the child, who smiled back with the universal friendliness of the puppy stage.

"Ye niver know yer luck," began Mary in her soft Irish voice. "I used to be a cook, and I always worked where there was children. Even at the Granville's, with only Mr. Ted left at home, the ould lady's grandchildren was always bein' dumped on her to visit, so her daughter could go gallivantin'. But there's not a child in the Plavoy, where I'm stayin'—only nasty little dogs that bark and snap at ye."

The nursemaid stared at her hard. "I didn't know there was so much money in cooking," she observed sarcastically. "Did you poison your boss and come into his fortune?"

Mary gazed at her in hurt bewilderment. "If ye're jokin', what makes ye so ugly about it?" she demanded frankly. "I left the Granville's to marry a man who had come into money, and I was only tryin' to make ye see that I wanted friends of me own kind, just the same."

"Well, *I'm* not your kind," declared the nursemaid tartly.

Mary rose hurriedly and walked on, half-blinded by her own tears.

The discomfort of her pedal extremities finally voicing itself above the cry of her heart, she sat down again on an unoccupied bench, beyond a curve in the path that placed her out of sight of the hateful nurse and her charge. Farther on, an

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old man dozed in the sun. Some children and a dog ran past. But Mary sat and wept, because she wanted real love—and comfortable shoes.

Her tear-misted eyes fell upon a newspaper left on the bench by a former occupant.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

loomed up at her in big black letters. Ah, here was what the newsboys had been shouting about.

SOCIETY POLO PLAYER MURDERED
GRANVILLE MANSION LOOTED

screamed up at her from the bold headlines. Mary picked up the paper and began to read.

From the sensationally elaborated newspaper story she gleaned that thieves who apparently had a basement passkey and knowledge of Mrs. Granville's habit of keeping her jewels in a wall safe in her town house, had entered when the family was supposedly at the Granville country-place in Lenox. But the son, Edwin—widely known as "Ted" Granville, amateur crack polo player—evidently came in unexpectedly, and was shot to death before he could give the alarm.

Mary's eyes widened in horror, and as she read she gave vent aloud to her strong indignation and pity, "Oh, the cruel divils! Oh, poor, *poor* Mr. Ted! . . . . Whativer will the poor ould lady do now —so set on him she was!"

Forgotten were her own troubles in this ghastly news of others whom she had served. But recalling her former connection with the stricken household brought to mind again her own plight.

"Ah, 'tis a sad wurrld!" groaned Mary, "and I'm wishin' I'd niver come into it."

Around the curve in the path strode the big, young, red-haired policeman, and at sight of Mary —weeping—he stopped short, turned white, then crimson—and came on, straight to her bench.

"I know I've got no right at all to speak to ye like this—" he was extremely embarrassed, but determined. "That sly piece was tellin' me ye're married. But there's wan thing I've got to say to ye, miss—er—ma'am—and that is, if ye need a friend, in anny ways at all, Gary O'Toole—that's me—would go the limit for ye. I mean it straight, miss—er—ma'am. I'm not long over here meself but me folks know the city and its quare dealin's like a book. It's me business to jail anny spalpeen that accosts a lady—but I'm thinkin' ye'll not take me wrong when I mean so right—now *will* ye, miss—er ma'am?"

"That I'll not," agreed Mary, smiling up at him through her tears. But immediately she reversed her mouth corners in renunciation, adding firmly, "Only there's nothin' ye can do for me—me bein' married to Jake Bullen. So I'll be sayin' goodbye —and thank ye kindly, Mr. O'Toole." She jumped up as abruptly as though she had been sitting on thistles, folded the newspaper, stuck it under her arm, and started along the path—still crying.

"Ye don't mean ye're not comin' in the park again?" The young guardian of the peace, heavy with distress, fell in step beside her.

"And what for would I be comin'—to make trouble for the both of us?" challenged Mary. "Did ye iver hear tell of boats that pass in the dark? That's how you and me has got to go by each other—and don't ye forget it!"

"But it ain't dark," staunchly refuted the literal-minded policeman. "And if it's boats we are, I couldn't help seein' ye've struck on a rock—and I couldn't help puttin' out to the rescue. I'm tellin' ye—"

But quick as he was, the weapon of the man Mary had called "Gary O'Toole" barked first . . . .

He ceased speaking abruptly, as they passed the bench where sat the nursemaid. That "sly piece" tossed her head scornfully and said something out of one corner of her mouth for the benefit of a dapper little man with a dapper mustache and a hooked nose, who leaned toward her on a cane. Mary was engaged in wiping her eyes on a harshly new embroidered handkerchief and did not see this man, but he straightened and stared at Mary out of round hard eyes like agate marbles.

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II

At the park entrance, Gary O'Toole's longing glance followed Mary until the turn of a corner hid her from sight. Then he walked slowly back to where Minnie, the nursemaid, sat with her nose in the air. The dapper little man passed him on the way. There was something vaguely familiar about him, and yet Gary could not remember ever having seen him in the park before that day.

Gary wanted to hear more about Mrs. Jake Bullen, and with instinctive guile he opened the way by exhibiting an apparent interest in the affairs of the green-eyed Minnie.

. . . getting Jake in the elbow and deflecting his aim. Jake's bullet merely plowed the fleshy part of Mary's arm.

"And who may yer fine friend be?" he teased her. "If he's after walkin' down the church aisle with ye, he'll need high heels on his weddin' boots. But mebbe 'tis the size of his pocketbook ye got yer pretty eye on—eh, Minnie?"

"Oh, go on with you!" Minnie colored, simpered, and tossed her head. "I'm not so crazy to get tied up for keeps—yet."

Her laughing eyes narrowed venomously. "But when I do—believe me, there won't be nothin' *phoney* about it—like the dame you're fallin' for so easy."

"And what do ye mean by that?" demanded Gary, his heart beginning to beat violently.

"Say—them clothes and jewels of hers must have shook some guy down good and proper—and she was only a *cook*. A swell chance she'd have to *marry* a man who'd take her out of the Granville's kitchen to the Plavoy Hotel, with nothin' to do but doll up and fool a cop."

"What kitchen did ye say she was took out of?"

"Granville—or some such name, she told me. what's it to you?"

"Oh, I was just wonderin'." Gary managed to achieve a casual manner that masked intense excitement. "It does look kinda queer. What did yer swell friend have to say about it?"

"Oh, he ain't interested in *her*. Mr. Levy—that's him—was just askin' me would I step out with him some night."

"Well, ye know what gurrls in service is up against," said Gary, "and 'tis well to be a bit charitable. This Levy, now—if ye find he's up to any game, just pass the word quiet-like to yer good friend, Gary O'Toole. Now I must be ringin' in. So long, Minnie!"

But Gary did not "ring in" at the police box telephone. Instead, he made with such speed for the precint-headquarters that he was "all in a sweat" beneath his uniform.

His brain fairly reeled with the impact of conjecture aroused during his talk with the sharp-tongued Minnie. Following upon the shock of finding that Mrs. Jake Bullen had been a cook in the Granville household—where murder and robbery had just been done—there flashed into Gary's surcharged brain a possible answer to his sense of familiarity with the personal appearance of "Mr. Levy." The Granville job was a jewel robbery, and the dapper Levy reminded Gary of the criminal photograph and description of "Sparkler Gene"—wanted for a big jewelry store robbery in Chicago. This "Levy" had a nose to match, and a moustache—neither characteristic of Sparkler Gene. But Gary's "hunch" led him to disregard such differences and to stress points of similarity, such as physical smallness, carrying with it an unpleasant suggestion of the rodent family, and the same trait of foppishness that marked the noted jewel robber. Putting two and two together, and adding one—might not Sparkler Gene be here on the Granville job and be paving the way for another haul by making up to the nursemaid in a family noted for the splendor of its ancestral jewels?

Gary's brother Michael, was in the Detective Bureau, and it was Gary's ambition to attain a similar eminence. Exhausted by both mental and physical agility, he gasped out his report to Detective Lieutenant Michael O'Toole and Michael's chief, Captain Cragg.

Michael's face lighted up with fraternal pride

(*Continued on page* 84)

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The Logical

An Economical Method of Analyzing Local Conditions to Facilitate Intelligent Application of Established Principles

MR. F. W. FARRAR writes of Marcus Aurelius Antoninius, Emperor and erstwhile Commissioner of Public Safety of the Roman Empire, A. D. 161-180, as follows:

"He regarded himself as being the servant of all. The registration of citizens, the suppression of litigation, the elevation of public morals, ... the retrenchment of public expenses, ... the care of roads, ... *the regulation of street traffic*, these and many other things so completely absorbed his attention that they often kept him at severe labor until long after midnight."

Today the traffc problem is probably not much different than it was in the time of Marcus Aurelius. Accidents and congestion were a problem in those days, they arose from the same causes and were subject to the same corrections. Human nature has changed little and traffic is largely a manifestation of the human element combined with physical conditions.

The traffic problem is too complex to be solved by a few formulas or generalizations, based on half information.

No one can say how the situation in any locality is to be treated unless, with basic principles in mind, he carefully studies it and gets down to rock bottom facts. Organize these facts and they will suggest their own best remedies. Find causes and treat them and the effects—the traffic conditions which trouble us—will be relieved.

Arriving at basic facts involves such a mass of detail and so many variables must be brought into line that few municipal officials have attempted a thorough investigation of traffic conditions.

From every standpoint traffic is an administration and not just a departmental problem. Its treatment calls for the coordinated activity of almost all municipal departments. The purpose of this brief paper is only to suggest avenues of investigation which may be studied by any municipality and which might lead to the development of a plan of action which would take advantage of every existing opportunity to most effectively improve traffic conditions in that locality.

To accomplish this, a thorough understanding of existing conditions is essential. A correct picture cannot be secured without clear visualization. To this end two simple maps are herewith suggested.

The first, a "traffic artery map" will demonstrate efficient routings.

Select a large city map and block out areas which are sources of or receive large volumes of traffic. Traffic flow is between such areas and into and out of a city.

Mark main traffic arteries on the map in color. With a second color trace heavily traveled secondary streets or connecting links. If the city is well planned the map will show all areas definitely linked up by traffic channels which afford easy passage with least interference. Mark out with a third color desirable routings not at present available, but which can be used if improved.

Congestion in most cities is due to inefficient use of street area rather than to the lack of it. The business section of nearly all cities is used as the distributing point by traffic enroute to all sections. This traffic should be routed *around* because it interferes with the more necessary use of business streets.

As an example, one city was found to have little used streets which, when linked up, served to carry about 10,000 vehicles a day between two areas in twenty minutes less time with great relief to the business area through which these vehicles formerly passed.

To by-pass traffic by routing is merely to dis-

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Approach

Suggested by
GEORGE G. KELCEY
Traffic Engineer
American Gas Accumulator Co.

tribute the peak of the load of heavily traveled streets over less used, but convenient routes. One slow moving truck holds up a long line of vehicles. Truck and other slow vehicle movement should be studied and routings provided which will be convenient and yet leave other routes clear for faster vehicles. It is impossible to mention all methods and possibilities of routing in a paper of this length. If the suggestions outlined above are carried to this point, careful study of the traffic movement will show what additional routings can or need be arranged.

As a traffic survey develops it will be found that some streets selected for a main flow of traffic are not in proper condition or that short connecting links have to be cut through. If funds are not immediately available, such streets should be given preference in the regular paving program because of their importance in the plan.

Traffic routed, it is obvious that the only way to correct accidents is to find out where they occur and what causes them. It is easy to find in cities that there have been accidents at certain points, but how many and what caused them is rarely recorded.

To locate the danger zones an "accident pin map" is suggested. Upon this chart can be shown by various colored pins, the points at which accidents have occurred, the type of accident and the degree of its seriousness. As a cluster of pins begins to develop, it immediately becomes apparent and is the basis for prompt and effective remedial action.

For the correction of accidents there is hardly anything else that is quite so important as this pin map picture, which any city can maintain at practically no expense or trouble.

To illustrate accident concentrations, it has been found that in one city of 600,000 almost 30 per cent of all serious accidents on record concentrated at 87 points, and in another, approaching a million in population, 28 percent of all accidents were at 64 points, and in another of 100,000, 46 per cent of all accidents were at 57 points. Such information points the way to definite and effective action.

In conjunction with a pin map and a study, such as the one suggested above, there is nothing so important as good accident data. To secure this, the report of accidents should be conpulsory and the preliminary report, either by the motorist or by a patrolman, should be the basis for a thorough investigation of each accident by a special man or men who are trained for the purpose. Such information should be organized and studied so that the causes and concentration of accidents may be determined and eliminated as they develop.

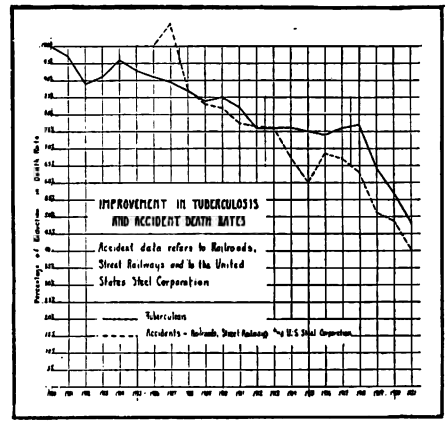
Figures given out in 1921, and since repeated by other investigators, place the economic loss per person in the United States at approximately $15.00 or $1,500,000 for each 100,000 of population. It is difficult to confirm these figures but if they are only half right they indicate a very serious annual loss.

The logical procedure is to make a complete survey and to present the subject in such a fashion that everyone's advantage over-balances small group or other antagonisms. One of the strongest things to be presented is to show the cost of conditions as they are and to establish that the losses which result so greatly exceed the cost of improvement that there is only one course to pursue and that is to correct the conditions.

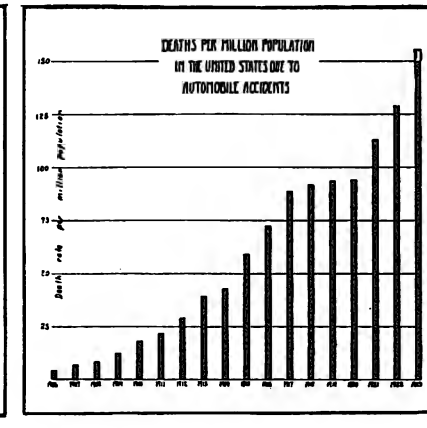
The charts accompanying this article furnish a pertinent illustration of what might be done.

Careful medical research has reduced the deaths due to tuberculosis by 52% since 1900. The safety movement on the railroads, street railways and in the United States Steel Corporation has been carried forward by the best engineering talent obtainable. Lack of safety has been considered an evil calling for intelligent analysis and the enforcement of logically devised corrective measures in these fields with the result that accidents have decreased 59.5% since 1906. Careful organization and good engineering should do the same for traffic. What the doctors have done with tuberculosis and what safety engineering has done with accidents on railroads, street railways and in industries, must be the aim in regard to the accident problem on our city streets and highways.

(*Continued on page* 65)


IMPROVEMENT IN TUBERCULOSIS
AND ACCIDENT DEATH RATES
Accident data refers to Railroads, Street Railways and to the United States Steel Corporation
Tuberculosis
Accidents - Railroads, Street Railways and U.S. Steel Corporation

Where engineering methods have been applied



Where logical analyses have not been made

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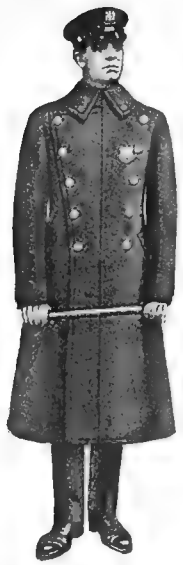
Left—Model 10—Fether-Wate Summer Style.

Right—Model 20—Fether-Wate Winter Style with band up.

Model 20—Fether-Wate Winter Style with band down, affording protection for neck and ears in stormy and cold weather.

Wherever Law and Order Hold Sway SMITH-GRAY Uniforms Are Worn

LAW enforcement today is accepted as a profession—made so by the intelligence and methods introduced during the past few decades. No longer does one associate the burly, uncouth individual with a police force—instead visions of a keen, athletic and astute body of men arise.



And it is significant that the present-day policeman—who must of necessity be critical of his appearance—regardless of his location—has selected Smith-Gray as his outfitter.

In every section of the land — wherever police forces are identified with uniforms, SMITH-GRAY police apparel is worn.

The fitting of each uniform is exact, its texture of highest quality. Every bolt of cloth used in its manufacture is thoroughly tested as to strength, yarn, color, warp and filling.

Overcoats and dress blouses, the major articles of a policeman's equipment in winter, receive special attention. Measurements are taken carefully, each article is scrutinized, checked up and nothing permitted to leave the shop but it must meet our high standard, set during almost a century of uniform manufacturing.

The caps, as shown above, are of the fether-wate brand, assuring comfort to the wearer. These caps are to be had in serge or cloth, guaranteed not to fade, each one custom-made and waterproof, with non-breakable visor, hand-felled leather sweatband with a grease-proof tip.

The Smith-Gray band, used in stormy weather with the winter cap, affording protection for the neck and ears, has been well received by policemen everywhere it has been introduced. Folded up along the base of the cap, these bands impose no inconvenience on the wearer, when the weather is clear. Immediately a storm threatens they can be lowered. Order your winter raiment now. Prices and samples upon request.

Smith-Gray uniforms are guaranteed to please

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The POLICE BLOTTER

"The Records of the Department Are the Records of Life"

Not all of the wise-cracks are in vaudeville. Nor is every comedian wearing the make-up of minstrelsy.

Genuine humor, enjoyable because of its originality and gripping by reason of its spontaneity, flows in an unimpeded stream from every station house and police court.

It is one of life's little paradoxes that the very place where misery is supposed to be most depressing, where the seamy side of existence oftenest displays its wretchedness, is likewise headquarters for wit which stirs the risibilities and creates chuckles that no claquers can start—or stop.

. . . . . .

Nor is all humor. There is pathos, there is love, there is human kindliness. Truly has it been said that "The records of the Department are the records of life."

Oh Upright Judge!

Rhode Island passed a law to the effect that not more than one person should sit on the seat beside the driver of a pleasure car while the car was in motion. No longer was it to be possible for two "drug store cowboys" to wedge a "sweetie" between them on the front seat of the "leaping lizzie" and exchange "wise cracks," among other things, as they merrily rolled along their way.

But a case of three in a runabout came to trial. It developed that the youthful "Sheba" was "parked" upon her true "Shiek" 's lap, whilst their mutual boy friend drove in tempo to their tune.

Wherefore quoth the judge "only one was sitting on the *seat* beside the driver." And now this interpretation constitutes a legal precedent.

Oh Upright Judge!

(*Continued on page* 65)

THE SOCONY SHIELD IS YOUR PROTECTION

The Socony Shield does not belie its name.

It is a protection—a protection against the "just as good". It prevents the substitution of spurious and unknown brands.

It is a symbol wherever you see it—a guide and a signpost that here is sold the genuine Socony Gasoline and Socony Motor Oil. Wherever you see it, in town or country, it announces that here is found not only a quality product, but a quality service.

Remember that SOCONY *is "Standard"*

STANDARD OIL CO. OF NEW YORK
26 Broadway

SOCONY *Gasoline & Motor Oil*

THERE'S HEALTH IN THE MOTOR RIDE

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The Two-Fold Feud

(*Continued from page* 12)

at an arm. He brought out into the moonlight the body of a swart stranger. In the throat stuck Tomasso's clasp knife. Maria, her hands now choking back her cries, bent to see.

"Don't know him!" Tomasso muttered. "But one of Nero's gang, I suppose!"

"Oh, Tomasso!" she threw herself sobbing on his laboring breast, "Nero said he was leaving for Rome to-night—and he has so many men, so many! He will not let me live in peace! He wants me! And he hates you! And I love you and want you alive! Tomasso, you must go away from here! Go to America as Giovanni begs you! You cannot always turn in time to escape Nero! Please, please go to America at once!"

"Without you? Oh, no!"

She wrung her hands. "Then if I must go with you to save your life I will go!"

Tomasso shook his head.

From down the path came a man's warning shout. "Tomasso!"

The lovers started. Giovanni came running up. In his hand was his sharp pruning knife. "Tomasso!" he panted. "I followed you and thought I saw—Ah!"

He caught sight of the dead man. His glance took in the rip in his young brother's shirt and even in the moonlight Giovanni's face showed the ebb of color as he realized what had happened.

"Santa Maria!" he crossed himself. Then his mood turned to a white anger at his brother. "Fool, young fool!" he snarled. Are you tired of life? Then consider at least Maria. You will certainly die at the hands of one of Nero's assassins. Who will protect her then from Nero? Not I! For as soon as you have fallen by Nero's hand I shall go and carve his heart or try to do it. And either he will kill me or they will throw me into prison for killing him. Go to America, Tomasso!" he pleaded.

This had been his refrain ever since Nero and Tomasso came together as rivals. But now there was a mute but eloquent argument added to the plea as the moon lit up the huddled stranger on the ground.

Sullenly Tomasso's stubborn youth yielded to the combined argument of a brother, a beloved and a dead man.

The next morning the stranger was carried into town. When the *carabinieri* recognized in him a much wanted *Camorrist* implicated in several assassinations the investigation of his death became perfunctory. Maria's and Tomasso's story was believed without hesitation; and Tomasso was released from custody.

But all Amalfi shook their heads for Tomasso's future.

"Now he has the Camorra to deal with!" they whispered. "And when Nero gets back——"

But the day after Tomasso and Maria, with all their worldly goods in two bundles tied about with stout string, had departed for Naples; and thence on a small steamer for New York.

Nero returned four days later. When he heard what had happened in his absence he did not swear or show any outward sign of emotion, except a blaze in his black eyes. But he took up a Naples newspaper and turned to the steamer sailings.

Tomasso and Maria had already sailed.

Whereupon Nero arranged for a passage on the next steamer that would leave Naples.

As for Giovanni, he sold the bean patch and with the proceeds paid back the money he had borrowed in order that Tomasso could sail without delay. Then he hired a boy to take Tomasso's place in helping him tend the herd. But in the place in his heart left vacant by Tomasso there was no substitute.

What lives hungering in the heart, however, fills vividly the imagination. Giovanni, formerly unimaginative, now lived in imagination every day. He pictured Tomasso and Maria on the boat; landing in America; marrying and making a home; having children; accumulating a little money.

Then came the news that Nero Gilio, too, had left for America.

Giovanni, when he heard it, ran like mad till he reached Gilio's wine shop. Yes, a stranger had taken it over. Then Giovanni ran to the small but celebrated little cathedral at Amalfi. He prayed to the Madonna to keep Tomasso and Maria safe from Nero's clutches. But he muttered to himself on the way home.

"I must slave and get the passage money for me, too. Nero hasn't left for any good purpose. He may harm either one of the young ones. . . . I am not a man to strike in anger. My goats know that. But if Nero lays the weight of his vile finger on Tomasso . . .!"

An Italian may cross the ocean and come to New York, expecting to be in a strange land; yet in New York's Little Italy he need know no other language, provided he makes his livelihood within its seething limits. To their great relief Tomasso and Maria found it so. But making a living in Little Italy was a vastly more difficult matter, Tomasso found.

He did not know that for him it was to be particularly hard. He did not know that a cable in Camorran code reached New York days before his ship arrived; giving his name and the name of his ship; ordering that Tomasso be shadowed

(*Continued on page* 54)

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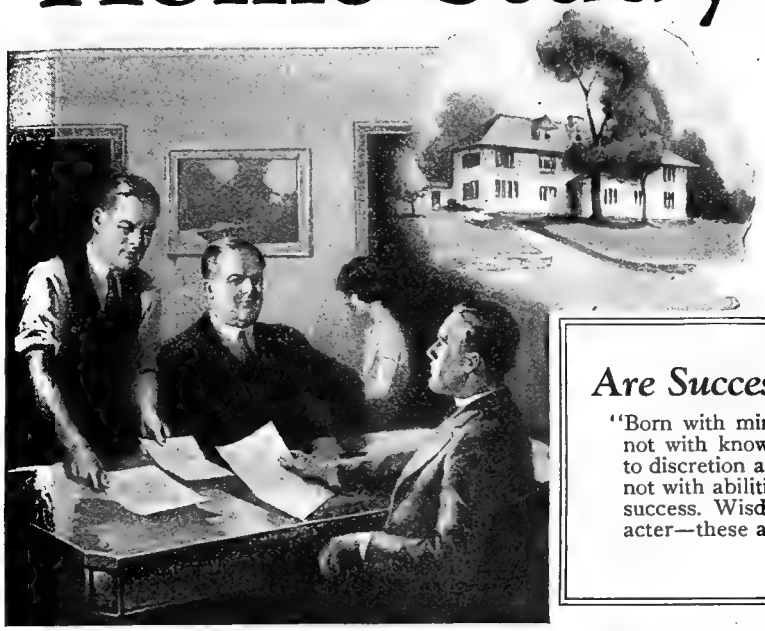
Home-Study Training

That Leads to Successful Careers—



Are Successful Men Born or Made?

"Born with mind but not with wisdom; born with intellect but not with knowledge; born with power to discern, but not born to discretion and sound judgment; born with adaptabilities but not with abilities; born, it may be, with wealth, but not born to success. Wisdom, knowledge, discretion, judgment, ability, character—these are ***attainments,*** not bestowments or inheritances."

—The Kansas Banker.

Genius and ***inspiration*** were once credited with playing an important part in building a successful career. —What part *do* they actually play in the making of success?

William Livingston, President of the Dime Savings Bank, Detroit, has this to say:

"Genius is supposed to be some peculiar capacity for spontaneous accomplishment. If so, it is one of the rarest things in the world. I have been studying business and human beings for more than sixty years, and I've never yet seen anything permanently worth while that was accomplished on the spur of the moment. The man who expects to win out in business without self-denial and self-improvement and self-applied observation stands about as much chance as a prize fighter would stand if he started a hard ring battle without having gone through an intensive training period."

How You Can Measure Your Chances for Success

We are all looking forward to successful careers. If an employe, you want a better position. That is the first step up. If an employer, you want to improve the business you manage.

Business cannot pay you for ideas and plans which you do not deliver, and this applies to owner and employe alike. Neither can Business pay you for ***learning*** business.

If you desire success, your day must be filled with achievement—doing things. Contemplation, analysis, acquiring the experience of others, must come *after* the gong rings at night.

Broadly speaking, everyone who reads these words falls into one of three groups; in fact, this analysis really constitutes a measuring stick by which you can measure the degree of success which you will probably enjoy:

Group 1—Those who are making no effort to increase their business knowledge and ability aside from the limited experience which comes as a result of each day's work.

Group 2—Those who, more or less consistently, are reading constructive literature pertaining to their specialties or field, but who follow no organized plan.

Group 3—Those who consistently follow a definite, well-organized, step-by-step plan, which embraces not only the best experience in their specialty, but also shows the relationship of their job to the fabric of business as a whole.

Send for the LaSalle Salary-Doubling Plan—Today

During fifteen years, LaSalle Extension University has been furnishing men with an organized plan of self-development—in every important field of business endeavor. The proof that such a plan wins out is evidenced in the fact that during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported salary increases totalling $1,399,507. The average increase per man was 89 per cent.

The details of the LaSalle ***salary-doubling plan*** will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value. And it's FREE.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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I say without boasting, and simply as a statement of fact, that I have earned more than fifty times the cost of my LaSalle training, in special accounting work, and in addition my regular income, or salary, has increased approximately 125 per cent.

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For the past three years I have earned from $4,000 to $8,000 a year, and I am sincere when I say that I believe my present earning capacity is due almost entirely to the training in Business Management I received from LaSalle.

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My salary has increased more than 400 per cent. I am now doing legal work for some of the best and largest concerns in the city.

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I shall be glad to have details of your **salary-doubling plan,** together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☑ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

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(*Continued from page* 52)

night and day until he, Nero Gilio, should himself arrive; that meanwhile every difficulty in making a livelihood was to be put in Tomasso's way.

Everywhere Tomasso applied for work among his compatriots he had the same strange experience. He was taken on for a job. Then a stranger would call on the boss, whisper a few words; actually it was a threat of the enmity of a well known band of Black Handers. And Tomasso would find himself dismissed.

He had married Maria on their arrival and they made their home in a single bedroom, the darkest room in a dingy tenement flat. Their little stock of dollars ran out when they had been in America two weeks. And still Tomasso could not find work, no matter how little he was willing to work for.

The young mountaineer goatherd, sickening in the fetid air of a Mulberry Street tenement, discouraged, frightened at responsibility, the responsibility of marriage without a means of livelihood, grew panic-stricken. Maria also tried to get work. But hers, too, was the sinister experience that whenever she did manage to get some work, on one excuse or another she was discharged almost at once.

The day came when there was no more food in the house and the rent fell due. Tomasso desperately ran about trying to get enough work to do to earn the next meal for Maria. In the street a stranger, a prosperous Italian, accosted him for a light. Tomasso was about to pass on when the stranger said:

"My boy, you look hungry. Come into this good restaurant I know and tell me what you lack."

Tomasso dared not let his pride prevent a possibly lucky meeting. He accepted the stranger's invitation and wished it were Maria instead of himself who sat at the table. But an hour later he was glad she had not been the one after all.

The stranger proved sympathetic but beyond the meal he offered Tomasso no prospect of improving his lot. And even the meal proved a disaster. For soon after the stranger left Tomasso began to experience the most terrifying pains in the pit of his stomach; so that he keeled over in their little room.

Maria called the doctor, though she had nothing wherewith to pay him. After much examination the doctor declared:

"He has been poisoned by something he ate. But I think I can pull him through."

He kept his word, though it cost Tomasso long days of illness, then weakness. Meanwhile neighbors fed Maria leavings from their frugal tables; and somehow she managed to scrape together the means wherewith to buy medicines for Tomasso.

But there is a limit to the amount of charity tenement neighbors can offer. And one day the fact stared Maria in the face that they were about to be dispossessed from their bedroom home; that Tomasso had not even strength enough to walk; that they knew neither where the next meal was coming from, nor where they would lay their heads that night; and certainly there was no money for the medicines which Tomasso still needed if he was to recover.

Maria hurried out into the street as if her hurrying would do any good. Suddenly she shrank back with a shriek. In her path, not in the least surprised at the meeting, stood Nero Gilio, hair and mustache pompaded heavily as ever, prosperous looking as ever and smiling confidently.

"My little Maria!" he chuckled, his eyes devouring her. "I know all about you and Tomasso and I am in a forgiving mood," was the gist of what he had to say. "So I give you a choice. Tomasso gets free passage back to Amalfi; just Tomasso. Or you and I go back and Tomasso will have no more trouble keeping a job in New York. In either case, of course, you will reward me with your sweet self. Otherwise——" And then she saw how evil his eyes could look. "Otherwise the next time Tomasso is poisoned by something he eats—he will not recover!"

Maria, soft Maria, fluttered like a fledgling in the hand of a boy who has looted the nest and had his fingers about its body. She looked so pitiful, and began sobbing so loudly that she attracted attention. A voice sounded behind her, robust, deep, in an alien tongue, the voice of authority.

"What's the matter, young woman?"

A tall figure in the blue of a policeman's uniform, with eyes that held both kindness and sternness, was eyeing her and Nero speculatively.

She poured out a babble of Italian. Nero shot an ugly look at her and was sliding away when the policeman tapped him on the shoulder.

"Stick around a bit, me boy, till I get somebody to translate what the girl's saying."

Nero speculated on the chances of a quick shot and run; for he knew doorways very near which would open to him at a word. But the policeman must have read the thought, for he caught Nero by the right wrist and his own reached for his policeman's "soft billy."

"I don't like the look in your dirty eyes!" the policeman, Tim Meehan, growled. "Here, one of you women, come here and tell me what's going on!"

But before he could get a translator Nero rapidly muttered:

"Tell him a word about me and I swear Tomasso dies without delay!"

That was why the policeman got not a word from the terrified girl. But he liked Nero so little that he took him down to the station house just for a bit of examination. They "frisked" Nero for weapons and for anything else of interest. In the end, however, they had to let him go.

(*Continued on page* 56)

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"Every man owes some of his time to the upbuilding of the profession to which he belongs."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

That we may reflect credit upon our profession is our earnest desire. We serve with earnestness as well as ability.

Such is the Sentiment and Service given with our

Complete High-Class $150 Automobile Funeral

What we furnish for $150: Casket in polish hardwood, black or any color plush, trimmed with silver extension handles, engraved nameplate, and lined with silk, silk pillow to match. Strong outside burial case with mattress. Embalming and care of remains. Draping room with palms. Use of candelabra and candles when requested. Gentleman's suit or lady's dress. Floral crepe. Removing remains from any local hospital. Use of TWO DOZEN chairs and drapery. Automobile hearse. One LIMOUSINE.

USE OF FUNERAL PARLORS FREE

This Price Applies to Any Part of Greater New York

FOR THOSE DESIRING A MORE ELABORATE CEREMONIAL

Complete High-Class $300 Automobile Funeral

What we furnish for $300: Massive square end solid oak dull finish casket, trimmed with heavy old silver extension bar handles, engraved nameplate; lined with beautiful tufted silk interior and pillow to match. Solid chestnut highly polished outside burial case reinforced with copper corners and upholstered with soundproof mattress. Delivery of burial case to cemetery, removing remains from any local hospital, embalming and care of remains. Gentleman's suit or lady's dress. Use of candelabra, candles, Prayer rail and draperies when requested. Use of TWO DOZEN chairs—Use of palms—floral crepe—procuring burial permit. Automobile hearse and one LIMOUSINE.

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187 Kent St., Greenpoint, L. I.—Tel. Greenpoint 9516
500 West 170 St., New York City—Tel. Wadsworth 7235

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(*Continued from page* 54)

"But I'll say this for you, Tim," the lieutenant said to Patrolman Meehan. "You've got a good eye for a bad actor. If that bird lives on your beat, keep a look out for him!"

Meehan looked pleased at the compliment. But no more so than his friend and fellow patrolman, Pat Mayo, whose beat was next to Meehan's. They had been in many a Mulberry Street "roughhouse" together.

"Sure that was a pat on the back the loot gave you, Tim!" he said as they went out on beat next time. "And if that Gilio bird ever gets you in a tight hole you know who's gonna come tearing when he hears your whistle!"

Meehan put his hand on his partner's shoulder as their beats separated.

"I know it and it's thanking you I am. And I'd do no less for you. . . . But here's hoping neither of us will call the other for anything but a drink of something good!"

Nevertheless both policemen kept their eyes open for Nero.

They would have needed many eyes, however, to follow the developments dictated by Nero Gilio. The man had a genius for machination, which was what gave him power in an international band of sinister gentlemen.

Tomasso continued to ail badly, partly due to the violence of the original attack; partly because the boy was so thoroughly frightened by life as it developed for him in America. From their miserable bedroom Tomasso and Maria had to move to another still more miserable. And how Maria managed to scrape together enough food to keep life in their bodies was a daily miracle, even to herself.

But daily Nero crossed her path. Threats frightened but did not break her down. Whereupon Nero took another tack.

"Tomasso needs food and medicine; and later work; or he dies with a broken heart," he persisted. "You know that. And yet you let him die. But marry me and Tomasso gets all he needs—medicines, food, work."

"I am already married!" Maria pleaded.

"Then come to me without it."

"I would die first!"

"Oh, no, it will be Tomasso who will die first. And you will let him!"

That was a terrifying refrain to a simple soft-hearted girl. It followed her even after Nero was out of sight. It haunted her every time she saw Tomasso tossing on his cot, his bronze faded to a sick pallor, his muscles shrunk, his once fiery eyes now dull with a slow fever.

She tried to get Tomasso into a hospital. But he was not ill enough for that. She appealed to neighbors to direct her to a charity organization. But the neighbors warned her that she and Tomasso would be transported back to Italy if they showed that they had become a charge on the community; and Nero told her that if they returned to Italy he too would go back.

They were in a tenement hallway when Nero told her this, leaving her without another resource. She broke down and sobbed.

"What do you want of my Tomasso?"

"Nothing but you! Does he live or die?" Nero shook her violently by the shoulders.

And he seemed therewith to have shaken the last bit of strength and resistance out of her.

"Oh, please, please give him food, let him live!" she sobbed.

Nero's eyes flashed up, like coals blown upon.

"All right, come to my room, and I will let you have it!"

Maria buried her face in her hands and broke down. She was such a picture of beaten humanity as she finally followed Nero that Patrolman Meehan stopped to look at them.

"That Gilio bird bothering the girl again," he told himself. "Now let's see, what was the address he gave at the station?"

He looked at his notebook where he had marked it. The house was on his beat so Meehan took special note of the place as he passed it next time.

But patrolmen are limited to the streets in their rounds; and Meehan did not know of the age-old little tragedy of sacrifice that took place on his beat as he patrolled it.

Tomasso was lying in his wretched hole of a room, muttering imprecations on his strengthless limbs and on America. The woman to whom he owed rent for the bedroom came in to nag him as always when Maria was out.

"Your wife could get all the money you need if she wasn't so stuck up!" the hag shrilled. "Nero Gilio is only too eager to give it to her!"

Tomasso had thought that his limbs had no strength in them. But now he found himself on his feet ready to leap at his landlady.

"Nero Gilio?" he cried hoarsely. "What do you know about him? Where is he? Why do you speak of him and Maria in the same breath?"

The hag shrugged her bony shoulders. "Oh, well, I suppose you would be the last to know it. But Maria can't set foot out of the house without meeting Nero—"

Her squeal of terror as Tomasso clutched her windpipe brought the maddened youth to himself. Then he heard Maria enter the next room and he released the old woman.

Maria came into the room, her hands full of bags of food and bottles of medicine in her coat pocket. For a bringer of plenty she looked very white. So absorbed was she that she did not notice the hag slink out of the room, nor Tomasso's wild look.

"Look, *caro mio*, what I have for you!" she cried shrilly. "Food! The medicine the doctor ordered!"

(*Continued on page* 58)

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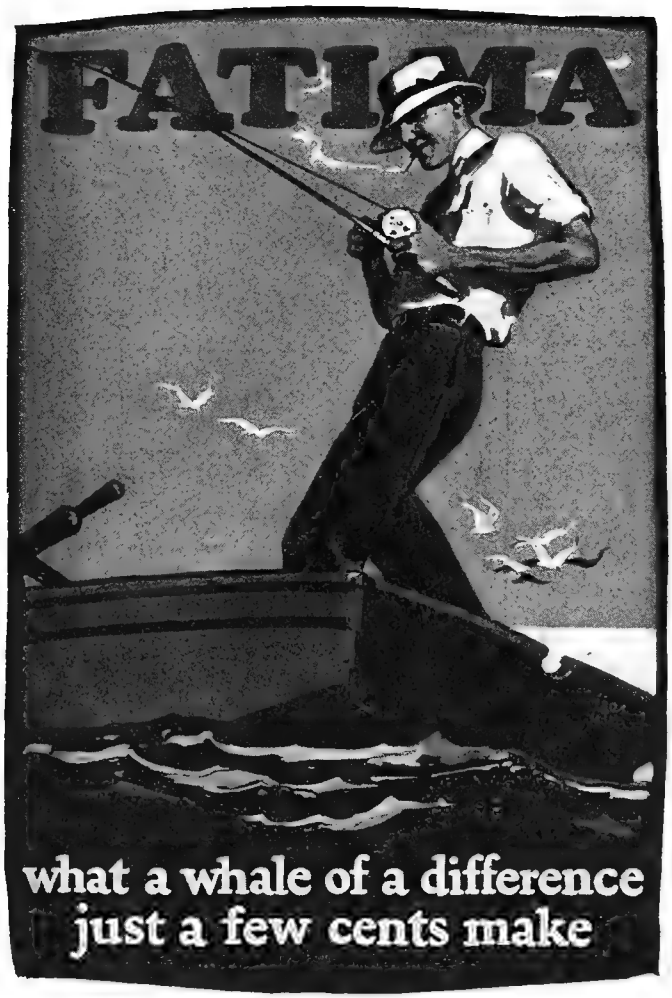

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(*Continued from page* 56)

But her eyes did not meet his.

"Where—where did you get it?" he croaked.

"I found some work with—with a man who—manufactures artificial flowers!"

For the first time in their lives deception crept in; and Tomasso knew it in every fibre of him. He responded in kind. He pretended gladness. But he also pretended that for the time being he could endure neither food nor medicine. His eyes penetrated her acting better than she divined.

Next morning she left, as she told Tomasso, for the factory. He kissed her and let her leave. But under his blankets he was already dressed and as soon as she was out of the room he was out of bed and stealthily following.

When she turned the corner he was close behind her. When she entered a tenement house he noted which one. When on the top floor she knocked at a door his eyes in the dark of the floor below saw which door it was.

Patrolman Tim Meehan recognized the girl whose terror had brought Nero Gilio to his attention. He read the look on her face as she passed him alone this time.

"That girl's in mortal terror of that Gilio—but I bet my gun she's going to him!" his policeman's intelligence told him.

Then he saw she was being followed by a young Italian; somewhat unsteady on his feet but obviously so from illness.

"There's something brewing!" Meehan muttered. "Guess I'd better stroll their way."

He saw both girl and her shadower enter the Italian tenement where his note book told him Nero Gilio lived. For some moments Meehan stood debating. Strictly speaking he had no business entering that house until something happened. But there was every chance of something happening.

"No use waiting till it's too late!"

Unbuttoning his tunic so as to leave his pockets free for quick reaching Meehan softly climbed the dark stairwell. He was on the third floor when he heard the rush of a man's feet, the sound of a door flung violently open; a woman's scream.

Meehan was half way up to the top floor when there sounded the vicious bark of a revolver. Again the woman screamed, like some animal suddenly turned mad with fury. Another shot stilled the cry.

With the sublime foolhardiness of his Irish nature Meehan pulled out his own revolver and plunged into the open doorway. A youth and a girl lay dead on the floor.

Meehan wheeled, his revolver nosing for the murderer. He saw none.

But from the dark of a bedroom giving on the rear came a flash, a shot; and Patrolman Meehan tumbled to the floor. His last bit of consciousness was that of a heavy figure climbing out of the bedroom on to a fire escape. He tried to lift his re-

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volver. He fired it. But the bullet only ploughed a gash in the floor.

Then with his last bit of strength he took out his police whistle; and with his last breath he blew.

His partner and pal, Pat Mayo, was on the limit of his beat nearest Meehan's and rather expected to see him. Then he heard the bark of revolver fire in a tenement across the street.

As though he were a sprinter and the revolver were the starter's signal Mayo spurted across the street and up the tenement stairs. His gun was out as he ran into the flat through the door of which came the reek of saltpetre.

But no challenge met him. Only three very still figures on the floor. And one of them brought him kneeling to its side.

"Tim!" he cried. "Open your eyes! Make a fight for it. . . . !"

But Tim had made his last fight. After some time Pat Mayo rose to his feet.

"I owe somebody something for this," he whispered to himself. And his jaws went white as he clenched his teeth.

END OF PART I.

Will Maria be avenged? Was the great sacrifice of Patrolman Tim Meehan (whose real name is in letters of gold on the honor roll at Headquarters) made in vain? Read in the October number the strange linking of widely disassociated motives which together sought a common goal.

The Double-Crossing Double

(*Continued from page* 18)

The manager's brows lifted a trifle. "Why, I believe we can accomodate you."

He touched a button on his desk and in a moment arrangements were being made of a most startling nature, considering old Denny MacNamara and all that had gone before.

"You understand, of course," suggested the manager, "that you will have to accept all responsibility for our plane. That is, we're not liable for accident . . . and you'll pay any damages. We have a waiver to that effect which we require passengers to sign."

"By that, do you mean the fool thing ain't safe?" asked Denny, cocking his gray, old head warily.

"Oh no, not at all," the other laughed. "It's just that we play safe."

"I see." Denny nodded. "Well, bring on the waiver."

He signed it in a large, heavily inked scrawl and followed his guide to the field beyond the factory. The roar of a dozen motors dimned in his ears.

Men in khaki overalls, with devilish looking headgear, hurried everywhere. Overhead at various altitudes planes circled and shot away out of sight, or swooped gracefully down to a gentle landing. It was all new to Denny.

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They came directly to a machine that looked big enough as it spread its wings on the ground. A mechanic was working on the motor. Denny went over to the cockpit, climbed the little stair and looked in. It seemed comfortable down there. Leather seat, plenty of leg room, windshield and all. The pilot came to him with a leather helmet and greatcoat.

"I don't want that stuff," he declined. "A man'd roast to death."

The pilot grinned. "Better put it on," he urged patiently. "It'll be chilly after awhile."

When he was stretched out in the seat in front of the pilot, Denny felt physically at ease, but a little disturbed mentally.

"Come to think of it, I am an old dog for these new fangled tricks," he reflected, half humorously. A mechanic came alongside and adjusted the life belt around his waist.

"What's that for?" Denny asked him, shouting above the hum of the motor.

"Keeps your breakfast down," bellowed the mechanic.

There followed a few hurried movements, a terrific roar from the engine and Denny felt the plane throb as it moved swiftly across the field. He vaguely wondered why the riding was so gentle, then discovered in a quick, breath-taking instant that the grass was dropping and men's faces were upturned. He looked up quickly and saw stretching out before him the panorama of the countryside. They were scarcely off the ground, yet it was not more than a few seconds until Denny was staring straight out over his nose and looking at landscape that resembled nothing so much as a map painted in oils on a flat canvas by a master hand.

Once he leaned out and gazed downward. He drew back quickly to sit firmly in the center of his seat. He turned his head carefully, as if it were mounted on a pivot, to see the pilot behind him.

"'Tis a long ways down there," he murmured.

The pilot merely grinned and shook his head, being unable, of course, to hear a word.

As they flew on westward, Denny gradually began to let his full weight down in the seat. His muscles released their tension and he commenced to enjoy the sensation. Except for the sound of the motor there was nothing earthly about it. He started to listen for the hum of the engine and became able to detect the slightest alteration in its tune.

It was midafternoon when they circled over Indianapolis. And there, after a spiral glide that brought the pit of Denny's stomach up to the place where he always supposed his lungs reposed, they gathered important news.

The quarry had been there, his engine functioning poorly, and without waiting for adjustment, he had hopped off, still driving westward. There

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were cloud banks out of the horizon as they took off once more. Beneath them lay the level Indiana cornfields, the ribbon-like roads and the shining parallel steel rails of branching interurban lines. Cars crawled along now and then like lumbering toys, which, on the ground, became speeding things of metal that linked earthbound towns.

Suddenly, an hour out of Indianapolis, the strident vibration of the motor ceased. Denny lurched against his belt with a grunt of surprise. The smooth silence was ghastly. He turned to seek the pilot's face and found that person pointing a gloved finger ahead and above. Denny looked and saw a plane up there, a mere fleck against the sky in the late sunlight. Every now and then the sun caught its keel and reflected there, a scintillating flash.

Denny nodded and the engine picked up. They commenced to mount and even his inexperienced eyes saw that they were gaining on the plane ahead. The fugitive was trying, apparently, to out-climb them, for he kept mounting.

Denny's pilot had his instructions and he knew his business. As they overtook the fleeing plane, he continued to climb and presently was above it. Then, in a sharp rush he flew down and for a moment it seemed that he could not avoid crashing into the stern of the other. But he did and they cut alongside, so close that old Denny, leaning out recklessly, saw the face of the other pilot behind its goggles.

Denny thrust his arm out and pointed downward vigorously, prodding the air in the same thick-fingered motion with which he would have tickled an infant. In answer, the young man in the neighboring cockpit threw back his head and laughed. And in the same instant, jerked a lever. Almost instantly his plane disappeared. Denny dared not look down at first. In a moment he could not. It seemed that the earth had twisted around and he was staring up at it. The sky was below. Towards the ground another plane was spinning and twisting about in the most grotesque maneuvers he had ever seen.

They straightened out directly, though. Again they were riding beside the other plane. The situation was changed now, for the lone pilot was no longer smiling. He had an automatic in his hand and with a quick, dexterous movement, aimed it and fired. A steel jacketed ball slashed into Denny's shoulder and he sagged. But he was upright instantly and brought his own revolver into view. He did not intend for a moment, even in his pain and fright, to shoot the boy over there. He did hope to frighten him.

Accordingly, when he fired, Denny aimed elsewhere than at the pilot. His bullet hit the gas tank.

They started down together, the one plane sinking in ever widening spirals with a trail of smoke streaming out aft, the other following in its wake.

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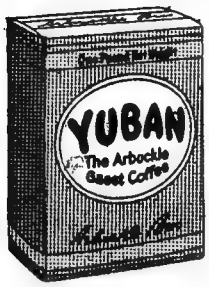

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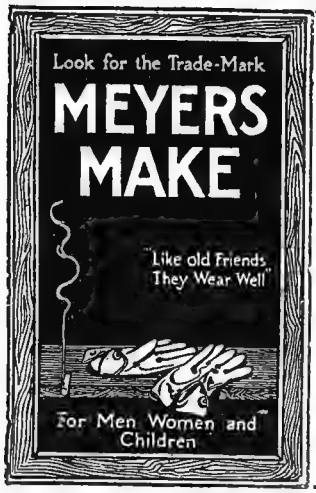

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"Maybe I should have taken the pension," thought Denny, inanely. "I'm too old a man for this kind of work."

He was trying vainly to think of the task before him if they landed, and at the same time to realize that his inner organs were yet a part of his anatomy and not floating somewhere up there where they had been but a minute or two earlier. Moreover, he was in pain from his wound.

The earth came up to meet them with startling rapidity. Just as the set-faced old detective prepared himself for the crash as they met hard earth, he became conscious of a soft, bumping motion not at all unpleasant. The other plane was bounding just ahead. As they came to a halt, Denny thoughtfully thrust the muzzle of his gun out and covered the cockpit ahead.

The young pilot stepped out and, seeing the gun, halted. Denny rose stiffly and took his own time. In fact, before he reached the ground his own pilot was out, waiting, gazing sullenly at the youth beside the other plane.

Denny moved slowly the short distance that separated them. He kept his gun before him cautiously. Not until he stood squarely before the younger man did he speak.

"You can take off the mask now," he spoke calmly now that his feet were touching his beloved terra firma.

The bronzed youth smiled and tossed his helmet to the ground.

"What did you do with Jerry Pritchard?" Denny's voice hardened. "You look like him all right. But you don't fingerprint the same."

"He's safe enough," replied the other. "You act worried about him."

"You had a pretty good plan, lad." Jerry spread his legs far apart to enjoy the solidity of the ground beneath them.

"You've got that boy trussed up somewhere. You used the skirt as a dupe. I got it when I found the fingerprints. You passed me on the street when you were looking over the lay. But you didn't speak to me. That was a bad break. You look enough like Jerry—in a quick glance—to be his twin . . . well, Dick Milton, do you come through, or don't you?"

The leather clad figure stood there swaying gently on the balls of his feet, grinning.

"So you lined me up . . . you . . . say, old man, tell me something, will you?"

Denny could afford to laugh now, despite the pain in his shoulder. He restrained himself and merely smiled.

"Sure, what do you want to know?"

"Well, why didn't you plug *me* up there instead of the tank?"

Denny looked blank.

"I didn't want to shoot you," he replied gruffly. "I figured if you were shot you couldn't run that darned airplane."

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Both pilots burst into instant laughter.

"What's the joke about that?" barked Denny, sourly.

"Just tell me one thing more," pleaded the other. "How did it happen that they sent an old dog like you out on a job like this? Tell me that."

"So's I could learn new tricks," replied Denny readily, as he reached down around to the rear of his belt for the handcuffs which reposed there.

Butcher, Baker, Candlestick Maker

(*Continued from page* 33)

I yelled at her to stop or I'd shoot and she came back. The man stood still, and I got them both in the car. I sent the first passing citizen to phone the station house from the corner drug store, and ten minutes later we had them lined up before the desk. They'd got the safe cleaned out, and the loot was in a sack—about $30,000 worth. The woman kept a ring out that took her fancy. It was too big, and when she stepped out of the car it dropped from her finger. That padlock hasp had been twisted out.

I'm pretty near shock proof and thrill proof, except in one direction. I still don't hanker to walk into a dark store around two in the morning when I find the door standing open. But it has to be done. When it comes to me I usually stand at the door until someone comes along, and then have him telephone the station house while I stand guard until the wagon shows up. But a few times I've had to go in alone. Once I sneaked in very softly and came on two enterprising gentlemen drilling the safe in an electrical store. They had shut the door after using a skeleton key on it, but it had quietly blown open again. As I had rubber heels and soles they didn't hear me. One had his wits with him, too, because when I spoke he swung around, stooped and jerked the mat I was standing on from under me. Fortunately I fell on his partner and knocked the breath out of him. The row the three of us made brought half a dozen citizens, and I got both men, but I watch where I stand now.

Altogether the storekeeper is a mighty good citizen. That's largely because he's a sort of public character, living his life out in the open where folks see him, and where he's on exhibition ten or twelve hours a day. Then, because he has a business he figures he has a stake in the community, and his natural interest is to see that that stake stays protected to the best of his ability. And then the policeman gets some mighty good tips fron the storekeeper who, because he does see so many folks every day, gets to be keen at observing things. He can tell a lot about the people who are living in the neighborhood, and the new folks who move in. If you want to get a good line, try the grocer, the butcher, and the barber. They see the members of the community more often than most. They're good citizens, the storekeepers.

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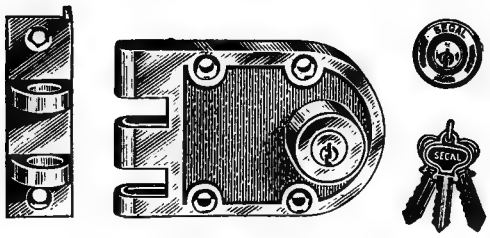

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God and the Kaffirs

(*Continued from page* 26)

you!" said the sergeant. But Katherine refused to leave us. Sitting fearlessly on her horse she rode in the chase, and when the Kaffirs found themselves surrounded, and made a stand on the Lower Tugela, she insisted on holding our horses while we engaged in the fight.

Then followed the short, fierce battle that cost Toppleston and Craig their lives. The other two troops of the Mounted Police had closed in on Kikikawa's men, and we had them under a cross fire from three directions.

When it was over one of the officers came to where Doran and Katherine were standing. "I had a letter from your father, Sir Willoughby Doran, a few months ago," he said. "He has asked me to let him know when I thought you were ready to go home and settle down. I believe you are ready now."

"Yes, sir," said Doran, "I believe I am." Then he looked at Katherine and smiled.

The Burglar's Abomination

(*Continued from page* 21)

how low, has been raised to regard himself as a protector of woman. Maybe it's just like the jungle call of a cat to its mate. Whatever the explanation, a woman's yowl sure sends the booster on his way.

Any man can beat the burglar if he uses his bean. Jewels, valuables and money should be kept in safety deposit boxes and in banks, not in the house. Women shouldn't display jewels to tempt unfortunates. Employers shouldn't hire untrustworthy servants, who will sell them out. Milk bottles and newspapers should never be allowed to accumulate on the porch, the garage door should not be left open when the family is out in the car and keys should not be hidden around the place. Most people have good locks on their front doors and just anything on the back. This is bum protection. A dump is only as strong as its weakest lock. Where valuables are kept in the house a nice loud burglar alarm bell that will awaken the whole neighborhood will just about scare the boldest in the game.

But believe me the best alarm of all is a lusty voiced moll who can warble, high, long and loud with that pleasing accent made famous by the tomcat on a fence.

Criminal Slang Expressions

Dicks—detectives.
Gopher—burglar.
Moniker—name.
Googs—eyesglasses.
Cold slough prowler—a burglar who robs unoccupied places.
Welched—to withdraw or back out.

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Frisk—search or rob.
Dump—A general expression meaning house, store, etc.
Doing it all—serving life in prison.
Rumble—mistake, error.
Clout—burglarize.
Hot Joint—place that is occupied.
Five Grand—$5,000. A grand is $1,000.
Knocking over—burglarizing.
Cop a sneak—to steal on the spur of the moment.
Snagged—secured, grabbed.
Rocks—diamonds.
Stoolie—a police spy.
Bulls—police.
Rapped to—identified.
Sloughed—imprisoned.
Five spot—five years.
Big house—prison.
Guff—information, bragging.
Scissorbill—a victim, unsophisticated person.
Prowler—burglar.
Windjammin'—talking.
Take the fall—lose out, to go to prison.
House clouter—house burglar.
Blow out—flee.
Flop joint—cheap rooming house.
Rod—gun.
Croaked—killed, executed.
Bozo—individual.
Hot joint prowl cat—burglar who robs occupied places.
Information fence—a fence or receiver of stolen goods who sells information to crooks.
Spot a lay—locate a place to rob.
Stones—jewels.
Crashed the joint—robbed a place.
Snow—cocaine.
Bumped him off—killed him.
Ditched out to—fled to.
Buzzin' molls—picking women's pockets.
Big mitt—high class crook.
Jiggers—alarm, warning.
Booster—burglar.

The Logical Approach

(*Continued from page* 49)

Satisfactory results have been achieved in various municipalities by the application of these simple methods. It is only through a clear understanding of individual local conditions that the most intelligent of general plans may be applied. To be correct, a conclusion must be based upon an accurate premise and this may be arrived at only through precise analysis. We suggest that which has succeeded before—it remains for each local municipality to act.

The Police Blotter

(*Continued from page* 51)

A Crook's Costly Error

Dawn was just breaking. Jackie Clark, alias Eddie King, the slippery poke dropper, gazed with shifting eyes along the wide street stretching along the west side waterfront. Things had not gone just right for him lately; victims were getting scarce and the police seemed more on the alert than ever. With a low grunt he turned up his coat collar, pulled down the peak of his cap, and thought of the stories he had heard of the clever work of Italian confidence men who had become rich overnight with a couple of good hauls on this same waterfront.

"Ah," mused Jackie, "if I could only speak their lingo, then I could pull off a big con-game and lay off on easy street for a while, but why can't they use an American in their gang?" This idea seemed to overpower him.

"Gee, but that's a swell idea. I'll double up with a Dago gang and show some of those small leather droppers at Mike's the kind of a guy I am." And thinking these thoughts, Jackie moved slowly along the street.

Nearing a street corner, Jackie's hand convulsively gripped a small leather pocketbook in his pocket, for approaching him was an immigrant with all the earmarks of an easy victim. Quickly Jackie's eyes darted back to see if any of the gang had spotted the victim and were following him, but none of the gang were out at that time and he saw only a dirty Italian laborer smoking a stinking black pipe, who seemed indifferent to surrounding objects. Jackie watched the laborer for a moment, wondering if he could be one of those Italian "con" men he had heard so much about. But no. "H—," he mused, "ye can't make them, even when you are looking right at them."

Suddenly Jackie started. The laborer had quietly slipped into a doorway and was trying to light his pipe, but his action seemed queer to the knowing Jackie. Why, *he* had done the same thing many times when he was stalking a victim. That Italian laborer wasn't right. Could it be that he *was* a "con" man? Jackie's head was in a whirl. Sure enough, the laborer was watching the victim, but he was all alone and Jackie had heard that Italian "con" men worked in pairs. "Gee," murmured Jackie, "now is my time to get in with the Dago bunch and we'll turn off that likely baby on the corner to the queen's taste."

With these thoughts in mind, Jackie sneaked up to the laborer in the doorway, who turned and gazed at him stupidly, and Jackie spoke, not sure that he would be understood, "Hallo, pal."

The laborer's face brightened. "Who are you? What are you after?" said he in a low tone.

"I'm right," thought the delighted Jackie, and

(*Continued on page* 70)

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Handcuffing the Police

(*Continued from page* 31)

no such tremendous problem, since over 83% of all the automobiles in the known world are owned and operated in the United States. Prohibition accounts for the time of about 2% of our police. Europe has no prohibition enforcement problem. Abroad gambling and the social evil are handled by official regulation. Here a large part of our police are engaged in controlling these two activities. It will be observed we still deal with material facts, and the matter of psychological reactions to law has not been taken into consideration.

To go a little further. 3% of New York's police are continuously on sick leave or vacation. 4% are each day on court duty, either as witnesses or in arraigning prisoners. 31% more are on special duty of one kind or another, and the remaining percentage of 33 must be divided up into three eight-hour shifts, or 11% for each shift, in the 24 hours. I obtained those figures officially from the New York Police Department, and from inquiries made in other cities they can be regarded as applying approximately to all other American cities of the first class.

The second great reason for America's crime situation is its criminal procedure. We have the least effective method of punishing wrongdoing of any civilized nation. I don't have to illustrate this point particularly. The American Bar Association has dealt with it at great length. I know something of the American jury system, and I know that not 10% of the criminals brought before the average jury stand a chance of conviction. Where they are convicted a hundred methods of evasion are yet possible. Political influence, venality in pardon or patrol boards, executive clemency that is wrongly directed, all offer the convicted criminal avenues of escape.

What I have written above is for the purpose of shedding a little light where much darkness prevails. There is no wish to lay responsibility on any doorstep, but our particularly senseless habit of insisting that the police curb the rising tide of criminality and then manacling them with parsimony and ridiculous court procedures that nullify their efforts is so absurdly unjust that it is a marvel that these men do any productive work at all. Every year in each American community there is a yawping and howling about the increased tax rate. It occurs about the time the municipal budgets are in process of construction. That is when the police officials, with first hand knowledge of their growing problems, ask for increased appropriations. The result is sufficiently familiar to require no exposition.

Roughly half of the population of this country lives in communities of 2,500 and more. They are the urban dwellers. Each of these communities has some sort of police protection. This urban population provides more than 75% of the annual involuntary crime tax of $3,500,000,000. That

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makes it $43 and over per capita, yet usually $2 per capita would increase the police force 50%.

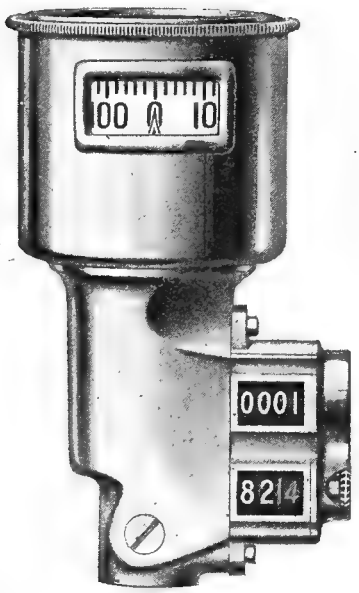
For the purpose of getting an official angle on these problems inquiry was made of the American Bankers Association. Mr. James E. Baum is manager of the Protective Department, and secretary of the Insurance Committee of the Association.

"One of the main contributory causes is our disrespect for law," said Mr. Baum, "which is due to the abnormal quantity of law we yearly enact. We indulge in a veritable riot of law making, and wonder why the mass of our population will not obey it enthusiastically. This land is filled with half-dead or wholly moribund laws; laws which cannot be enforced, which never could have been enforced, and which do not represent the will of the people. If public sentiment is not with a piece of legislation there will be difficulty in enforcing it. Then there will be laxity in enforcement, and more laxity in obedience. When that occurs there is danger, for disobedience becomes a habit, and the habit of disobedience to a poor law will spread to disobedience to all law.

"This Association is vitally concerned with the increase in crime, principally because one of the most active criminals is the bank bandit. This Association and its affiliated associations are spending over $400,000 a year for protection that official forces cannot give. They cannot give it because they are insufficient in numbers. Therefore their work must be supplemented by private means.

"This Association has not endorsed the Chicago offer of $2,500 for dead bank bandits. It is unlikely that it will do so. There seems more than a fair chance for a flare back in such an offer, but it does heartily approve of extra effort, voluntary or paid, to curb banditry. We are fully aware that the police forces of the country are inadequate, but that is only a part of the reason for the increase of crime. The other part lies with political chicanery. We have observed that the greatest proportion of bank robberies have occurred in four states where the Governors were either under fire, or later found guilty of malfeasance. It is not necessary to particularize in these instances, since all should be familiar to most people. A crooked executive naturally attracts to his state the worst law-breaking element in the country. They seek safety of operation, and too often they get it.

"Our court system is absurd when it makes possible such a situation as that cited by the Chicago Crime Commission. In one year they had 225 individuals accused of murder on trial in that city. One hundred and sixty-eight were allowed to escape with no penalty. Fifty-five only went to jail on long and short sentences, and only six were executed. In New York County in 1921 there were 260 homicides, and the courts secured three convictions for murder in the first degree. The best figures obtainable indicate that we exact the death penalty for a trifle under one per cent of our murders. I have been



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informed that not more than half of our murderers are ever brought to trial, and that only one out of every five of those that are arrested ever get as far as the jail, while the greater part of these serve less than five years. The courts are at fault.

"At present arresting officers are hampered in their pursuit of criminals by the state boundary lines. An escaping felon naturally makes for a state border, and once across it knows he has a greatly added chance of freedom because of the legal procedure needed to cause his extradition. My opinion is that each state should grant to its immediate neighbor the right of pursuit and capture beyond its border. In other words, the warrant issued in Pennsylvania should be valid in New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Maryland and West Virginia, but not beyond one state in any direction.

"Crime is on the increase in America. The tide is steadily rising, and the cost is assessed against the individual and reflected in increased living expense. Comparisons of crime statistics between America and Europe get us nowhere perhaps, but they are indicative of the root of the trouble. The New York police made over 360,000 arrests in 1924. Over one citizen in every twenty was guilty of some form of law infraction. Divide that by six for London, and it indicates that abroad they have managed to inculcate a greater respect for law. Our criminal cost roots lie deep down, and we seem to make no concerted effort to reach them."

Mr. Baum's statement indicates only too clearly that it is not primarily the rising tide of violent crime that is alarming, but the attitude of the nation toward law breaking. With moral laxity apparent on every side there can be little hope of crime abatement. How many Americans regard it as wrong to defeat the customs regulations? How many aid the business of the bootlegger by patronizing him, and regard it as a somewhat sporting thing to do? How many accept a jury summons without trying to bribe or lie their way out of service? How many respect the office of the policeman and try to aid him?

With special reference to this last point the New York papers of July 31 detailed the experience of a single policeman in a police car who recognized five suspicious characters in another car and at the point of his gun lined them up against a wall for arrest. Knowing the type of criminal he had to deal with he dared not attempt to disarm them without help. A crowd of more than one thousand persons had gathered, yet it was twenty minutes before his continued appeals induced one of that group to telephone the nearest police station for reinforcements. Does that attitude of the American citizen encourage the policeman to risk his life as this man did? It emphatically does not.

Unfortunately for the police they occupy the position of convenient and uniformed scapegoats. It is apparently overlooked that their work is largely the correction of acts, and not particularly the prevention of acts. They are not moral educators, but practical guardians. Their presence does and should have a deterrent effect upon the potential wrongdoer, but they are neither supermen nor mind readers, and must depend upon their native intelligence and their technical training for their results. They have a right to the sympathy and support of the citizenry. It is not argued that they are more immune than other men from temptation, nor less prone to yield to it, but the records show that the average policeman wears with his uniform a sense of his responsibilities to the community which hires him that is in the humble opinion of this writer accountable for much of the safety that hedges us about.

Respect for law, and the moral tendencies that operate for obedience to law are easiest implanted in youth, the most impressionable period. The effort of any group, be it large or small, must begin with the citizen in embryo, and if more emphasis is needed on this point it should only be needful to remark that in five years the average age of the captured criminal has fallen from 25 years to 19 years. That single fact points more plainly than any other to the cause of crime.

There is another vital factor, and in mentioning it I fully expect to call down lightnings upon my head, but it cannot be passed by. It is simply that the preponderance of American crime is committed by representatives of other racial stocks than the Anglo-Saxon. Crime prevention must consider the source of the criminal, and the necessary steps to keep him out. Inherently the Anglo-Saxon is law abiding since he is the author of the most emphatic code of justice the world has ever known to be embodied in a nation's laws. There is not a police officer, nor a criminal court official in this country who does not realize fully by what breed of men crime is committed. Those who have not realized it may easily prove it for themselves.. Let them keep a record of the names associated with criminal acts during one week in any large city of this land, and then inquire if Congress acted in time, or has still left the gates too wide.

If Judge Gary's national committee wishes direction for its campaign let them look well to the following cardinal points:

1. Education of youth.
2. Reform of courts and criminal procedure.
3. Increase in police personnel.
4. Further restriction of undesirable immigration.

The moral level of any community can rise no higher than that of a majority of its individual units. Let each of us remember that when next we find opportunity to infringe a law. It is a pernicious infection that spreads with the rapidity of a pestilence.

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The Police Blotter

(*Continued from page* 65)

aloud: "I'm all right; I'm a 'con' man, too, a pocketbook dropper; you know what I mean."

The laborer's eyes brightened a moment. Then carefully looking up and down the street, and with a quick glance at the victim, he whispered to Jackie: "A pocketbook dropper? That's good. Have you got the pocketbook and phoney bill?"

"Sure," said Jackie. "I've got the leather, but no phoney bill because I used it last night on a sucker."

"Well, never mind," said the laborer. "We'll buy another phoney bill and use it on that good thing on the corner."

The victim they were talking about suddenly turned around and started to walk toward them as if to ask them a question, and as Jackie and the laborer crowded closer to the doorway the stranger seemed to change his mind and started to walk rapidly away from the waterfront street. Jackie's heart bounded with delight. Now they had him. All they would have to do was to follow, buy the necessary phoney hundred dollar bill, and then with the clever Italian crook to speak to the victim they would soon have his money. How fine everything was turning out. Jackie even began to think what a story he would have for the gang down at Mike's. But where the dickens was the victim going? True, he stopped at almost every corner to look up at the lamp-post signs of the streets. "I'll bet," thought Jackie, "the sucker is lost and don't know where he is going."

Many stores where they could buy the phoney bill were passed. It was early in the morning and the shops were all closed, and with an anxious feeling, Jackie encouraged his companion to stick after the good thing; they would surely land him in the end. Suddenly the laborer in a determined voice said to Jackie: "Im going to get him now; come on." With that they both hurried after the unsuspecting victim, who turned and entered a tall dark gray building. "Hurry up," said the laborer, "or we'll lose him."

"But, hold on," Jackie said. "Where—" Jackie's eyes focused over the doorway that the victim had entered. "Hey, what in—— say, who in h—— are you?" for over the doorway were the letters:

POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

"Come inside," said the soft voice of the laborer, "and I'll explain it all to you."

It just so happened that the "unsuspecting victim" was Rocco Cavone, Acting Detective Sergeant, Second Grade, Second Detective District, and that "the laborer" and supposed "con" man was Lieutenant Ralph Micelli, at that time attached to the Headquarters Detective Division.

One never knows what his neighbor may be. Snap judgments are always dangerous.

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An Epidemic

The patrolman wanted to be excused from reserve. The reason—a humane and natural one—another son had just arrived that morning. "How many does that make?" asked the Lieutenant. "Nine," answered the officer. "And I suppose," continued the Lieutenant, "you wouldn't take a million dollars for one of them?" "No," was the answer, "and I wouldn't give you two cents for another."

Patrolman George A. Pattison, Shield No. 7135

A Mounted Adonis

The Commissioner's order to be photographed was being discussed—and cussed—by the squad on reserve. "Lamp this part of it," said the squad's "wise guy." " 'Two copies will be forwarded, one mounted and one unmounted.' Gee, yours truly is going to look nice on a prancing steed."

Patrolman George A. Pattison, Shield No. 7135

Manhandling for Frail Ladies

If you keep up with the papers, you are familiar with the fact that the ancient art of jiu jitsu is experiencing quite a revival these days. The men tried it some years ago, and passed it up as too rough on overgrown stomachs and ingrown chests, but the women are now going in for it hammer and tongs.

In the Paleolithic days the female of the species could swing a hefty stone axe and exchange lusty whacks with any male member of the tribe, and now the lady feature writers and policewomen are urging all women to take up jiu jitsu and thus regain their lost physical equality.

Maybe the ladies can do it, but we have a suspicion that when the delicate homebody tries it out on a burglar it works like this:

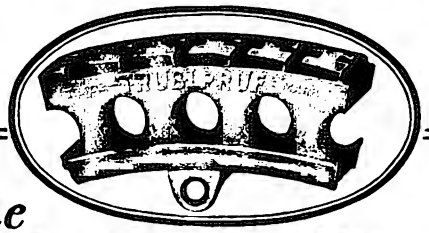
The frail, timid housewife is alone in the apartment at noon. A resounding knock sounds on the door. "Who is it?" calls the lady. "A burglar," is the threatening reply. "At last!" cries the lady, "an opportunity to put my training into practice," and she hastens over and opens the door.

The burglar places his left foot over the door sill to enter. "Stop!" cries the lady angrily, "you're doing it all wrong. The book says you advance your right foot first."

"Beg pardon, mum," the burglar mumbles, embarrassed at his silly error. He withdraws his left foot and places his right one over the sill.

The lady then measures three paces, inhales twice, and lets the breath out slowly. Then she starts to place her right ankle back of his right knee, as in illustration No. 4. The burglar giggles, then bursts into hysterical laughter. "Excuse me, mum," he explains, "but I'm awful ticklish." "None of your nonsense, now," commands the lady, and she again raises her right ankle to place it back of his right knee.

At this moment, however, she notices a small



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hole in her stocking and bursts into tears. "I've been studying the Hashimura Togo system for three weeks," she wails, "and you're the first burglar I've had. And now, and now—" "Don't cry, lady," says the burglar soothingly, as he pats her gently on the shoulder. "I've children of me own and it's Christmas Eve. Now you just try it with your left ankle; you'll get almost the same leverage if you hold on to the door knob. Or, if you wish, I'll wait till you change your stockings."

"Oh, thank you, sir," cries the frail housewife gratefully. "If you'll wait just a moment I'll dab the shoe-blacking brush on it and it will be all right." The burglar thumbs a copy of the Embroidery Review as he waits.

"All ready now," says the lady gaily, and the burglar resumes his former position.

With her right ankle back of his right knee, the lady then pushes her right hand sharply against his chin. "Ouch!" is her immediate comment. "You big brute. You've got bristles like a porcupine. Don't you ever shave?" The burglar shuffles his feet and looks sheepish. "Don't stand there gawking at me," the lady shrieks. "Don't you know that when I push your chin you are supposed to lose your balance and crash heavily to the marble floor, hitting your head such a tremendous thump that you are knocked senseless?" The burglar hastily executes a heavy backward crash, breaking four floor tiles and denting the tin paneling of the door with his head. Then he arises and waits further instructions.

"Oh, you're too stupid for words," cries the lady angrily. Here, we'll try the other method. I will pull you towards me, place my right arm under your throat and my left arm over the back of your neck. You will fall forward, and in my locked grip you will be utterly powerless."

The burglar nods his understanding of this, so the lady leans out into the hall and fastens her arms about his neck. The burglar looks rather satisfied, but the sour spinster in No. 12 pokes her head out into the hall, nods knowingly, and shuts her door with a bang.

At this juncture the burglar takes somebody else's watch from his pocket, starts, and exclaims: "I had no idea it was so late! If you'll excuse me now, mum, I'll go ahead with my business in the regular way." Whereupon he taps her over the head with a piece of lead-pipe wrapped in a newspaper, pushes her under the kitchen table, and proceeds to stuff the family jewels and silverware into his pockets. Then he saunters out in leisurely fashion, shooting the elevator boy as he passes.

Frank J. O'Donnell.

Lawyer (to witness): "Have you a husband?"

Young Woman: "Only a part time one; he's a detective."

The Glorious Last Resort

Col. Peter C. Traub, so close a friend of the New York Police that he has long seemed a member of the force, cites a wierd coincidence illustrative of the courage unto death of the man in uniform.

A sentry was patrolling his post before the headquarters of a detachment detailed to the enforcement of law and order in a province of the Philippines. The natives had been unusually quiet and as the man wearily trudged the limited extent of his post, ennui settled upon him. Dusk approached. The stillness of first twilight enshrouded him. A half-hour would bring his relief. He turned at the end of his beat and resumed his oft-repeated monotonous march.

From the dense undergrowth nearby two gleaming eyes followed his every move.

Completely unaware of the watcher, the sentry continued his listless patrol.

Suddenly a twig snapped. The soldier wheeled, alert. Within a few feet, poised, ready for action, stood a native Moro; the gleaming machete in his right hand menacing instantaneous attack. With the quickness of thought, as the native closed, the soldier lunged with his bayonetted rifle. The sharp steel penetrated through the flimsy clothing of the native deep into his chest. Nothing daunted, the Moro, unable to reach his antagonist with the machete, dropped his weapon and, gripping the barrel of the rifle, plunged the cruel steel clear through his body. His face distorted with pain, his clutching hands reached for the soldier's throat. Realizing his intent, the sentry pulled the trigger just as the menacing fingers closed. A muffled report! And the body of the native slumped to the ground.

Years later, on the other side of the world, stretched that bare and shell-torn wreckage-littered span called No Man's Land. The Germans charged—the doughboys met them hand-to-hand. Chips in the whorling vortex, a burly Teuton pinioned an American sergeant with his bayonet. As the cold steel struck, the doughboy dropped his automatic. Recovering, he seized the rifle muzzle and forced the blade still deeper into his own body.

The Teuton, dazed by this weird act, hesitated. That instant cost him his life. Now able to reach his adversary, the sergeant's fingers closed upon the German's throat. The doughboy's last thought was to kill, and into his final effort went the convulsive strength of fast approaching death. Futilely, the Teuton fought that strangling grip. The Germans signalled retreat, and as the surging tide of battle slowly receded the swaying pair were left close in death's embrace.

The clutching fingers tightened. Life ebbed from the German's hideously empurpled face. He crumpled to the blood-slippery mire. The doughboy reeled and as he sank to the ground the heavy

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weight of the rifle to which the bayonet was affixed cruelly wrenched the steel embedded in his breast.

When the field surgeons reached him and withdrew the blade, life flowed from the gaping wound.

Col. Traub, well up on the line, heard of the strange method of the man's great sacrifice and, memory flashing back, he stepped over and gazed down into the quiet face.

It was the sentry—the same man who years before had learned the last resort from the Moro while on patrol back in the Philippines.

Retold of Colonel Peter E. Traub.

Murder Will Out!

A negro citizen rushed into the Station House and excitedly explained:

"Left-tennant, I have just dislocated my best friend."

"What did you do it with?" asked the desk officer.

Upon cross-examination all they could get out of the tearful negro was the repetition, "I just dislocated him, that's all."

Finally a veteran officer from the colored section came in and hearing the frantic remark laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the dicks.

"Why, you guys are after a murder. That bimbo has lost a friend of his and can't locate him."

"Dat's right, dat's right," exclaimed the colored man. "Do you all know if dat niggar was locked up agin today?"

Patrolman Magill Millar, Shield No. 6455

No Hero After All

A patrolman at the beach had risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave. Her father was duly grateful.

"Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter."

"None whatever, sir," replied the young officer, "I am already married."

"Discipline is merely organized team work."

Col. Rhinelander Waldo.

Do You Believe This?

Motor Cop (after hard chase): "Why didn't you stop when I shouted back there?"

Driver (with only five bucks, but presence of mind): "I thought you said, 'Good morning, Senator.'"

Cop: "Well, you see, Senator, I wanted to warn you about driving fast through the next township."

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A Tribute

(*Continued from page* 15)

against publicans were for permitting persons to be on licensed premises during prohibted hours. Considering that there are 529 publicans in the district, their businesses were evidently pretty well conducted.

"During the year 8,547 sets of finger-prints were secured, and of these 3,584 were identified as belonging to certain people—209 more identifications than for 1923. Seven cases of house-breaking and stealing and two cases in connection with note forgeries were brought to a successful conclusion mainly through finger-prints. In 32 other cases finger-prints of persons charged were ready to be used as evidence, but pleas of guilty obviated the necessity of producing them. Fourteen deceased persons were identified by finger-prints which were the sole means thereto.

"In the Metropolitan area the total value of property reported as stolen was £217,212 and the value of that recovered was £216,473.

"Nine small fires occurred on vessels in port and these had to be attended and reported upon by the Water Police. Seven sailing boats and 58 persons were rescued during the year. The bodies of 22 persons were recovered from the harbor, extensive dragging operations being necessary in a number of cases. Only the Police know the horrors of this often malodorous work."

And again we quote, this time from the report itself:

"At Broken Hill a Constable proceeded to arrest a man and was violently assaulted by a second man, whom, however, he succeeded after a sever struggle in taking to the Police Station. The Constable was afterwards admitted to the hospital with a broken jaw, a dislocated finger and other injuries.

"At Paddington a Sergeant was violently assaulted by a man who had been behaving in a riotous manner at a restaurant. The offender was arrested and convicted, but the Sergeant was absent from duty for 13 days owing to his injuries.

"At Darlinghurst a Constable detected a man in a house. When challenged by a Constable the man fired three shots. The offender was subsequently arrested, convicted and sentenced, and the presiding Judge commended the Constable on his conduct.

"In Parramatta Road, Petersham, two desperate safe-blowers were detected in a warehouse. A number of Police surrounded the building and it was found that the men had concealed themselves between the roof and the ceiling. A constable climbed through the man-hole, and, with the aid of two other Policemen, who followed, arrested the men. At the trial the Constable was congratulated by the judge for the courage he displayed.

"A lady fell overboard from the steamer Barrabool. A Constable fully clothed dived into the water from No. 9 wharf, and with the assistance of another man, rescued her. The Constable was subsequently awarded a bronze medal and a certificate of merit by the Royal Shipwreck Relief and Humane Society.

"At Coolgee a man found a thief in his house. The Police were sent for and two Constables entered the premises. They were fired at, but after returning the fire, arrested the offender."

Dry and uninteresting items these, but what do they convey?

Do the figures mean nothing in simple words?

Crime is being checked. The traffic problem increases in perplexity and still is handled well. The sale of *good* liquor is fully regulated. Modern methods in the C.I.B. are applied even internationally. Practically all (99 2/3%) of property stolen has been recovered and returned within the year. Fifty-eight lives were literally saved from watery graves. Twenty-two bodies were recovered and the devastating virus of uncertainty plucked thereby from the hearts of the loved ones left who mourned.

And the little items regarding individual officers battered, nearly killed in line of duty—do they not convey a picture?

(*Continued on page* 81)

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The Reprieve

(*Continued from page* 39)

Oh, but I'll get him yet. You don't think I'm gonna die in prison, do you?

"See I only pulled that big Manhattan Beach job so I'd have enough to take Edna to the coast with me."

And that was the reason Matthew Fitzgerald spent the nights of his leave of absence in Mason's Toreador Cabaret.

He discounted the hazard of being recognized. He wasn't known outside of the Manhattan Beach and Coney Island Districts. Half his splendid success had been gained because he looked so little like the average conception of a sleuth. Fitzgerald was of medium height, his build was almost slight and there was nothing concentrated about his gaze. His movements were light and graceful and most of all he didn't smoke those big black cigars that all stage and screen detectives and some real ones affect.

Fitzgerald reasoned the quickest way to re-capture Wee Willie Winters would be to haunt Mason's cabaret. His years of experience in dealing with criminals taught him that a man of the burglar's character and disposition would be drawn back to revenge himself on the man who had squealed on him as relentlessly as magnets draw steel.

He had six months to wait. Surely his quarry would return in that time. Before his first visit he mapped out his campaign. The first step was scraping up an acquaintance with one of the girls in the show. This, of course, was simple.

After two or three drinks he asked to be introduced to the proprietor. When Ben Mason passed their table a few moments later the girl called him over.

"My name is McGee, Ed McGee," Fitzgerald announced, "I'm from New Orleans."

Ben Mason started a little. He was a tall man with broad shoulders and an arrogant manner. His eyes were shifty, suspicious.

"I'm looking for a little shrimp named Winters—Walters was what he called himself down there but I found out his real name when he got pinched for a house-job up here. You haven't seen him around, have you? I'd like to see him for just a little while."

The girl got up, "There's a number that I work in coming on in a minute or so. See you some more."

Ben Mason sat in the chair she had just vacated and looked across the table at the stranger.

"So you're looking for Wee Willie, heh?" he parried, "you don't talk like a guy from the south."

"I was only down for three or four months."

"For your health, I suppose." Mason added with a laugh.

"Yeah, that's it, for my health," Fitzgerald dropped an insinuating wink.

"What do you say to a real drink, Mr. McGee."

The stranger was willing. They sat and talked for the best part of an hour, drinking all the while. Fitzgerald laughed to himself. Mason was trying

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to get him drunk enough to talk—that was as plain as the Woolworth Building on a clear day.

Finally the question that he was expecting came in the form of a statement, "Wee Willie Winters ain't exactly popular around this place," said the cabaret man.

"Well down in New Orleans he couldn't even get elected dog-catcher."

"What you people down there got against him?"

"Well, I'm gonna take a chance and tell you. But don't let it get any further," Fitzgerald was letting his words drag a little in the approved manner of a man partly under the influence of liquor, "I can see you don't like him up here any too much."

"Wee Willie Winters turned in a friend of mine. Squealed on him, he did, the little rat. He was in the coop at the time and the cops promised to make it soft for him while he was waiting to be extradited if he'd tell 'em where Sam Mack, that's my pal's name, was hiding. And the little skunk did it all right! That's why I'm up here! I wanta make sure he won't ever get a chance to turn nobody else in."

As Fitzgerald talked he clenched and unclenched his hands and spat out his words through gritted teeth. The detective was no thespian but so much depended on his winning the other man's confidence, he had outdone himself.

By the changing light in the other man's eyes he knew Mason was convinced. A drink was ordered and then the cabaret man said his say, "Well, I don't think you'll have to move far from here if you wanta get Wee Willie. You see, he's stuck on one of the girls in my show. And that ain't all. He thinks I'm the lad who slipped over the squeal that he was in New Orleans. So you see he's got two good reasons for coming back. He's sure to come back to see her and to try to 'get' me. He'll romp in here some night all right."

"Yeah, he told me about the girl—that's why I headed up here as soon as I hit the town."

"Say, I know what I can do for you," said Mason suddenly. "Do you think you could hold down the job of bouncer—you're not so big but I had a bouncer here once who was even smaller than you and he made out fine. There's nothing much to do. You just stand in the middle of the floor and tell the drunks that the fox-trotting ain't for them. The real tough yeggs don't break out into a rash very often. We have the most trouble with the sweet little mama's boys out on their first wild party. Do you think you could do it?"

Fitzgerald nodded, "Sure—I was bouncer once in a place in Chicago—tougher than this, it was, too."

He turned around to look over the dancing and drinking men and women. It was no Sunday school picnic crowd but compared to the patrons of the Coney Island dives, miscalled dance-halls, which he had helped to raid, the Toreador bunch was very orderly.

"When can you start?"

"Any time."

"Let's say next Monday then. See that bird there," Mason indicated the present bouncer, "he drinks too much. I have to get rid of him. I ain't no prohibitionist but I can't have a man doing the bouncing for me who's under the weather worse than those he tries to bounce."

Somebody called Mason, and Fitzgerald had an opportunity to think over the developments of the evening. That the cabaret owner wanted him there for his personal protection was obvious.

The detective understood perfectly why Mason didn't dare to openly employ guards. Hiring gunmen fc personal reasons was an admission of cowardice and the underworld never forgives a man who shows a yellow streak.

The next week saw Matthew Fitzgerald installed as official "bouncer" on the dance floor of the Toreador Cabaret. As the weeks passed he learned many things. He observed that Bill Mason never sat with his back to the entrance and that the man's shifty eyes were never off the doorway for long. His vigilance was constant although as far as the detective could learn no word had come from Wee Willie.

Like Mason, Fitzgerald maintained his guard. He watched the dances and he watched the door and he watched Bill Mason. He developed a violent dislike for jazz music and discovered that the members of the band were pretty decent fellows despite their slicked-back hair. He became fond of talking with the girl who had first introduced him to Mason. In the cabaret she was known as Mimi May. Her real name was Minnie Malloy.

From her he learned the story of the triangle of the cabaret owner, Wee Willie and Edna Triona, the cause of all the trouble. "She's as fickle as the wind," Mimi confided, "but they're both gone on her. It was a riot before Wee Willie went away. She used to play them against each other. Last night she told me that she liked Winters best although as far as I noticed she never gave him any sign of it when he was hanging around.

"After he skipped and went to New Orleans he wrote her a letter. She showed it to Mason just to get him sore. I don't think she'll ever forgive him for squealing. She's still stringing him along, though—just can't help it—it's in her blood I guess.

"But wait till Wee Willie comes back. Then there'll be some fireworks. Did you ever notice how Mason never sits with his back to the door. He ain't taking any chances of being popped off."

As the weeks flew by and became months, Fitzgerald started worrying. What, if his leave of absence expired before his escaped prisoner returned? When five months had come and gone the detective-bouncer almost abandoned hope. He was still confident that Winters would eventually return but the question was—how soon?

It was Wednesday of the next to the last week of his leave of absence. He had ten more days of grace—ten more days to wait. Up to three a. m. the evening and wee morning hours passed as quietly as usual. The crowd was rapidly thinning out.

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Here and there were a couple or a group, the sort of people who never decide to go home until every other place is closed up. With some slight difficulty the dance floor custodian had just convinced an inebriated youth that that glass-like surface was entirely too slippery for his unsteady feet to navigate.

After assisting the alcoholic young man to his chair, from habit, Fitzgerald's eyes moved to Mason. Through the haze he saw the cabaret owner's hand at his rear gun pocket. The detective swung around to face the door and then raced to it across the dance floor. A man had just entered. He was Wee Willie's size but better dressed. And he had a gray moustache while Winters had been smooth-shaven. Something flashed in his hand! It was a gun!

Fitzgerald hadn't waited to reason. He'd get the man out of the place and ask questions afterwards. Two shots rang out and a second later the lights were switched off. The running detective collided in the dark with another man rushing for the door. Men were shouting and women screaming as Fitzgerald picked himself up. He was perplexed—he had lost his bearings. There was a glare of light. The baby spotlight fixed itself near the entrance. It was manouvered to the left until it found the small man. Paralyzed with surprise, he stood stock-still for a second and then ducked out of sight. At the same instant there were two more shots in rapid succession and when the baby spotlight moved to the left again it fixed upon a crumpled figure on the floor, with a revolver in its right hand.

The detective who had waited six months for this moment was the first to reach the side of the prostrate man. He turned the body over and looked at the face. The lights had gone up again. It was Wee Willie all right.

He reached to feel if the heart of the man were beating and his own heart seemed to stand still. Wee Willie Winters was dead. Fitzgerald's unspoken prayer had not been answered.

The long vigil was over. He had lost out—failed—fallen down on the job again.

The crowd swirled about him. Others were kneeling beside him. A voice, the voice of Mimi May whispered into his ear, "Go out the side entrance. Mason is making his getaway through there. You better beat it with him before the cops come and find you here with a gun."

Fitzgerald rose to his feet and fought his way through the crowd about the body. Bill Mason was a criminal—he had committed murder. Fitzgerald was a cop from head to toe. Besides the cabaret man had cheated him out of his chance to come back. As he dashed headlong through the side door he drew his revolver. Then some one tripped him up. Evidently a friend of Mason's placed there to prevent or intercept pursuit.

The detective crashed down the flight of stairs to the street. His gun bounded out of his hand.

From the top of the stairs came a flashlight and then a voice, "Sorry, McGee, couldn't see who you were in the dark."

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Fitzgerald had no time to look for his gun. Through the glass he could see Mason just climbing into his red roadster. The detective pushed his way through the door and hopped on the running-board.

"Let me beat it with you. I can't be caught in no raid. I'm wanted in Chicago."

Mason's rat-like eyes narrowed. He drew his gun.

"Can you drive a car?"

"Sure."

"Wee Willie got me in the arm—it's beginning to get numb."

He moved over and allowed Fitzgerald to take the wheel but covered him all the while with his gun.

"Now, no monkey business. Turn west on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and drive right to the river front."

Fitzgerald started the car, doing some rapid calculating meanwhile. Mason was holding the gun close to the other's side.

"I would have grabbed one of the other boys to drive but I didn't think the arm would hurt the way it's doing."

"Are you gonna keep that there gun pointed at me all the time? What's the idea, anyway?"

"Why should I trust you? You've been all right as long as I've known you but how long is that—six months? Fellows I've known for ten years have turned on me like snakes as soon as they got the chance. There's lots of good liars in this world. Do what I say and we'll get along fine."

One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street was almost deserted as they swept westward. They passed a taxicab or two, a milk wagon and one or two night owl pedestrians.

How could he stop—there must be a way. Was he going to let this bird, too, get away? Mason mightn't dare to shoot him while he held the wheel. The speedometer registered fifty miles an hour as they crossed Ninth Avenue.

"Gotta grab a smoke," said Fitzgerald, taking one hand off the wheel to fumble in his pocket. The hand came out and closed over the gun in Mason's hand. Fitzgerald managed to turn it out of the danger zone but could not wrench it from the other man's grip. The detective took his foot off the gas, guided the machine with his left hand and wrestled for possession of the gun with his right. Once it went off—into the air, fortunately.

Bill Mason was screaming like a woman, "Leave go, you damned fool, you'll wreck the car and kill us both." He began using his wounded arm to batter Fitzgerald's face.

For a moment the detective hesitated and then he let go—of the steering wheel. The two men in the car grappled. For a few seconds the machine held to its course and then swerved to the right, crashed up on the sidewalk, hit a telegraph pole and turned over.

That was the last thing Fitzgerald could remember until he awoke to find himself in a white hospital room. His arms and head were swathed in bandages. He felt sore—fearfully sore all over. Sharp twinges of pain stopped his attempts to move. He then noticed some one seated near him and peered through the bandages.

"Nurse, how long have I been here?"

"Three days."

"What's the matter with me?"

"You have a couple of broken ribs, a fractured leg and arm and a lot of other little things like contusions and abrasions. The prisoner was much luckier—he had only one arm broken."

If it had been possible Fitzgerald would have scratched his head. The prisoner? Who did she mean? At first he had a wild hope that it was Wee Willie but almost immediately he recalled that gentleman's death. Then it all came to him—the shooting in the cabaret, the wild ride up One hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and the crash.

"Oh, so they got Mason?"

"Yes," the girl assured him, "I understand he got up after the accident and tried to run away but a policeman caught him."

Fitzgerald turned his face away to hide his disappointment. For all his trouble and pains it had taken some one else to arrest Mason.

"Commissioner Murphy said I should 'phone as soon as you regained consciousness."

The man in bed groaned inwardly. So that was it, eh—Murphy was so sore he couldn't wait to "break" him. "Why doesn't he let me alone till I feel better." he demanded.

"I won't 'phone if you'd rather have me hold off for a few days."

Fitzgerald re-considered—anything would be worse than suspense, "Oh, all right, tell him. We might as well have it over with."

After the nurse left, her patient thought over the situation. The more he thought, the less promising things seemed. Murphy had told him to bring back Wee Willie alive. He had failed in that after the Commissioner had been good enough to give him six months' absence to do it in. He hadn't even succeeded in arresting Mason—instead of that he had almost defeated the ends of justice by nearly killing the cabaret man and himself.

What Fitzgerald couldn't understand was Murphy's confounded hurry. Oh, well, that was the way with the big boss according to all reports. If you fell down on anything, he put the skids under you right away. And he had fallen down twice!

The horrible thought that he might be kicked off the force for good, struck him. Perhaps they wouldn't even let him pound the pavements. The idea caused his heart to thump. Why, the force was everything to him—his entire life. Dismissal would be like death.

After an eternity the nurse returned.

"What did they say down at Headquarters?"

"Well, I didn't speak to the Commissioner in person. His secretary took the message. Now you just lie back and take things easily. Try to sleep."

Take things easily! Try to sleep! Fitzgerald

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laughed hoarsely. He felt like a criminal waiting to be condemned. A bandaged man on a hospital bed is not inclined to optimism.

It was less than an hour later (to Fitzgerald it seemed another eternity) when the door of his room opened and in walked Police Commissioner James A. Murphy and a physician.

"Do you think your patient could stand a shock?" the Commissioner asked his companion.

"Well, perhaps you better wait a day or so."

The man in bed squirmed uneasily, "I think, Commissioner, I'd rather get the shock now. I could stand anything but suspense."

Murphy took a chair by the bedside. His face, as usual, was unreadable.

"I want you to tell me, Fitzgerald, the exact story of what you did in your six months' leave of absence."

The detective started with his hiring of the Harlem room and told, without embellishment, all that had happened up to the automobile crash.

"—— and that's all I remember," he concluded.

"Well, it's quite enough. Now what do you think I ought to do about you?"

"I wish, Commissioner, you'd give me a chance at uniform work."

Murphy shook his head and smiled his cold, heartless smile down on the man in bed.

"Can't do it, Fitzgerald! I'm sorry," he paused "When you come out of the hospital drop down to my office. I have your old shield down there. I got a sneaking idea that it'd be lots of fun to pin it on you myself."

Matthew Fitzgerald poked himself in one of his caved-in ribs to ascertain if he was still awake.

The Commissioner picked up his hat, "I ain't much on talking, Fitz, but I feel I ought to say something to praise you for your exhibition of courage, patience and intelligence. Why I got the whole story from one of the girls in that cabaret show—her name was Mimi May or something like that—and I gave it to the reporters and even the anti-administration papers had to run editorials about it."

It was a very long speech for the man whose face nobody could read. He got up quickly and walked out of the room. As everyone said Murphy was hard-boiled—he couldn't stand being thanked.

Fitzgerald lay back, heaved a great sigh and subjected his injured ribs to another poke, just to make sure.

"How long do you suppose it will be before I can go down to the Commissioner's office and get my badge?"

"Three or four weeks if you lie quietly and don't think too much."

Again the man in bed sighed mightily. There was so much for him to think about.

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PARKING

(*Continued from page* 29)

"He—'Cold?'

"She—'Nope.'

(Silence.)

"He—'Isn't the moon wonderful?'

"She—'Umm-m vernal equinox.'

"(More silence, disgusted.)

"He—'Doesn't it make you think of beautiful things, dear?'

"She—'Umm-m.'—

"He—'Life and love, and happiness. Isn't it a wonderful moon; a real lover's moon?'

"Gently he slips his arm about her. She allows her head to drop on his shoulder.

"He—'Couldn't you love me just a little, dear?'

"She makes no reply. Caressingly, he touches her hair, kisses it; lifts her face to his, and then he said:

" 'Hell, she's asleep.' "

"Give him the prize," shouted some of the listeners.

After the tumult had died down, Jimmie O'Rourke volunteered for the last contribution, saying:

"I've waited until everyone was through," he began, "because I wanted to give each a fair chance for the prize. I guess you can begin wrapping it up for me.

"I had a queer experience during the recent police inspection of automobiles. At Sixtieth Street and the Circle, I stopped an autoist for not having his lights on. This fellow, I later learned, is a famous humorist on one of the New York papers. In order to be brief I'll just present the dialogue.

" 'Pull over to the curb,' I ordered.

" 'Me?' he asked.

" 'You heard me.'

" 'But officer, I'm bound on important business,' pleaded the autoist.

" 'So am I. Do you own this car?'

" 'I guess so. I've paid six monthly payments.'

" 'What's the motor's number?'

" 'Motor number?'

" 'Just what you heard.'

" 'Is there supposed to be a number on the motor?'

" 'It better have.'

" 'I have a registration number and a serial number. Wouldn't they do as well?'

" 'Not on your life. Gotta have the motor number.'

" 'I'm sure it has. The fellow who sold me this contraption said it was fully equipped.'

" 'I can't find it.'

" 'Did you look on the magneto?'

" 'How could a motor number get on a magneto?'

" 'Stranger things can happen on a car like this.'

" 'I don't see any number.'

" 'There's a number on the back bumper.'

" 'Don't you know there's a big difference between an engine and a bumper?'

" 'Not on this car.'

" 'Well, I'm convinced there's no number on this car.'

" 'That's no surprise to me. There's a lot of things that ought to be on this car that aren't on it. I found out before I drove ten blocks.'

" 'Who did you get this car from?'

" 'I bought it from a fellow named Sydney Ross.'

" 'He might have been a thief.'

" 'I know he was a thief!'

" 'How long have you had this leaping whatsis?'

" 'Just four months and five days longer than I ought to have had it.'

" 'How long ago did you buy it?"

" 'Four months and five days.'

" 'What condition was it in?'

" 'You'd be surprised.'

" 'Don't waste any time. I'm instructed to inspect the mechanical conditions of every car and find out what's the matter with it.'

" 'There's lots of money for you in the garage business if you're what you claim to be.'

" 'Let me try your lights. See! They don't work.'

" 'That's funny, they always worked before.'

" 'Before what!'

" 'Before I bought the car.'

" 'Your steering wheel is loose.'

" 'You don't know the half of it.'

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" 'Where's your rear lamp?'

" 'Dunno. I asked every kid in the neighborhood.'

" 'Why haven't you any mirror?'

" 'I'm acquainted with the chap who sold me this car without needing a mirror to look at him.'

" 'This car isn't fit to be on any of the streets.'

" 'You'll never get a Grade A detective rating for that discovery. I've known that for months.'

" 'I'll have to take you over to the headquarters. They'll probably take the car away from you.'

" 'Can I depend on you?'

" 'Absolutely. Any car found without motor numbers and in bad condition will be taken over by headquarters.'

" 'Officer, I'm your prisoner. Let's go.'

" 'Fall in,' commanded an officer.

"Who, in your opinion, deserves the prize?" I asked Mason.

"Well, I don't mean to be partial," chuckled the captain, "but we all got a laugh out of O'Rourke's story."

"I think so too," I nodded. I never question the authority of a policeman. I have learned they are right, even though I'm positive they are wrong sometimes. And besides, a club in the belt is worth two on the scalp.

I slipped behind O'Rourke and put the prize in his hip pocket.

This ended the interview. As I was leaving I thought of donating a brand new pencil to my contributors, but—oh, well.

"Good bye," said Mason, "and understand we don't want any publicity."

"I understand," I answered as I puffed on my half inch cigar.

"And put the door back on the hinges when you go out," I heard Mason say.

A Tribute

(*Continued from page* 74)

At the risk of becoming editorial, couple their blind devotion to their trust with the quotes, " 'stringency of state finances necessitates curtailment of expenses on Police control' " and "why promotion should be delayed cannot be explained."

The police of New South Wales are no different from the police of Kalamazoo. The lives they live are just the same. Should their numbers be computed throughout the United States the men per thousand population would be as low or lower still. They live; they risk their lives; they die in the service of mankind. Even in this material age it may be possible that to them service is enough reward—but men must live, and those who serve must have support. Let the devotion to duty which they display simply do to tide them over till slow-moving publics of the world have learned to understand, and understanding, striven to repay. The time for settlement is overdue. The date of payment—still depends on you.

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New Lanterns For Diogenes

(*Continued from page* 36)

between his first statement and the second one. Then we examine him again the next day, and again analyze the discrepancies, and draw the net closer around him, if the facts assembled point closer to his guilt. We get him to talk again and again, day after day, and at last, if he is guilty or has a guilty knowledge of the crime, he is bound to break down and come out with the whole story.

"In the case of a suave, adroit, well-educated criminal who is able to present smooth answers to almost any questioning, we keep at him until we discover his weak spot. Then we concentrate our questions on that spot. "His first story he tells glibly. In fact, he is glib on each and every occasion following. But the discrepancy begins to appear, more and more clearly each time. Go at him again, and he'll break.

"Of course, if he's telling the truth, he will tell the same story each time. But if he is lying he will slip at some time. The liar can't remember everything. He's bound to forget something he said before.

"There never was such a thing as the 'Third Degree.' You simply get a man into a mental corner, provided he is really guilty, and then he will wilt every time. That is, if you can get a wedge in as a start. It's pretty hard to get a confession unless you have some little clue to start with on your line of questioning. But, having found that weak spot, the discrepancies in the man's story begin to widen until finally he becomes so confused and fuddled that he sees the game is up. All his defences have been beaten down. He's cornered, trapped. That's when he bursts into tears. The torture comes from his own mind, not from outside.

"As I say, you have to study human nature. In the case of a 'suspect' who isn't hard and crafty, but of childish intelligence and soft, other methods may be effective. For instance, I remember a big negro who was suspected of having murdered a woman, a waitress in a cheap restaurant. Detectives had been questioning him for three or four days, and in no gentle way, since they were sure he had committed this frightful murder. But he had stubbornly refused to admit any knowledge of the crime.

"Then I had him brought in, to have his Bertillon measurements taken. I talked to him kindly, offered him a cigar, chatted with him without even mentioning the crime, inquired sympathetically about his home and his mother. As he stepped upon the weighing-machine, I saw tears in his eyes. And suddenly, with no warning at all, he broke down and confessed the whole gruesome story!"

"Is that device, then, the sudden substitution of kind treatment for rough treatment, a common device? Do you have several detectives pretend to bulldoze the prisoner, and then suddenly turn him over to another detective, who, by kindness, catches him off his guard and surprises him into a confession?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Faurot.

He went on to describe the use of the word-association test (Galton's) in the New York Police Department. Deputy Commissioner Faurot said he had used this in perhaps a hundred cases, out of thousands.

"I have found," said he, "that the association of words in any man's mind is almost a certain index to his occupation, his character, and the events which have left a deep impression upon him, even if he has never admitted to himself the importance of those events. Amuse yourself some evening in a party of friends, among whom is a stranger, by determining a man's occupation by this test. Ask him to name the objects or places that come most readily to his mind. Anyone will begin, usually, by naming the objects in the room where you are sitting. Then, when these are exhausted, he will name things connected with his work. I once mystified a company of friends by saying to a stranger who was present:

" 'You are a tobacco salesman, you visit such and such cities on your route, you stop in such and such a hotel in each one,' and so on, classifying him exactly, though I had never seen or heard of him before. It was simple. When asked to name words coming most easily to his mind, he, after naming objects in the room, had begun reeling off names of various tobaccos and cigars, then the names of various cities, and the names of hotels in those cities. Yet he thought it miraculous!

"Then there was the German we once arrested on suspicion of having burglarized a store. He had taken a number of articles, among them an umbrella, though we were not sure at all that it was he who had been the burglar. We tried the word-association test on him. He answered swimmingly until we came to the word 'umbrella.' For some reason or other, that simple word swamped him. He couldn't answer. Finally, red with rage, he shouted: 'Some beoples asks udder beoples questions vat's none of dere damt business!' And he confessed.

"But to get down to more serious examples. I remember a man we had arrested on suspicion of having murdered an old man, in a most horrible way. He had strangled the old man with a rope and had then hacked open his body and pulled the wind-pipe out, so that it lay along his chest! A horrible crime! The murderer robbed the old man of his savings, even of the coat he had on, and got away. It was not until two years afterwards that we got him. We used the word-association test on him.

"Among the words I pronounced, asking him to say some other word which the first suggested, was

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'coat.' Now, when you say 'coat,' most people think next of 'vest' or 'pants' or some such word. But this man didn't. *He said 'hock.'* We found out afterward that he had pawned the coat he took from the dead man's body! Another word in the list was 'rope.' To that word a farmer would probably reply, 'cow.' A sailor might reply, 'cable.' But *this* man's answer was, *'choke 'em!'*

"We kept on questioning him and he confessed, telling us, what had not been known before, that the mutilation of the man's body had been done with a knife which he had hidden behind a shelf in the building. The knife, covered with blood, was found there.

"And remember that this was two years after the murder was committed, that these ordinary words still called up out of his mind their terrible associations!"

Scientific apparatus designed to elicit the truth from a reluctant witness seem to carry little weight with Commissioner Faurot, even though he approves of the word-association test on occasion. After describing various types of "lie-dictator" apparatus which had been submitted to the police during the past decade, he observed,

"Yes, we get one submitted to us almost every day. But even if they are good, they are too expensive to make them worth while. Take the galvanometer we had in here seven or eight years ago, with which a man's mental reactions were registered electrically. It's all good enough, but if I hit you a sudden slap on the back, or give you a poke in the nose, the effect is the same, isn't it? It provides the shock that brings on the confession. So we dropped the apparatus.

"The best way in which to get the truth out of a suspected criminal is to study him, and find out his individual peculiarities. Every human being is different. Each needs questioning in a different way."

This in its last analysis is the answer. As shown above, numerous scientific or psuedo-scientific devices have been tried and found wanting. Each has been loudly proclaimed by its progenitors to be the infallible means of bringing truth to the surface from the bottom of the dark deep well of human deceit.

But to the man who can cause all humanity to react identically to the same reagent will go the award for the solution of the problem. Just as surely as there are no two identical individualities, so surely will there never be any one method infallibly applicable to all humankind. Deputy Commissioner Faurot has given the answer in the unanswerable "human nature." A complete knowledge thereof would insure one hundred per cent results, and the extent of the success of each seeker after truth will be in direct proportion to his understanding of his fellow man.

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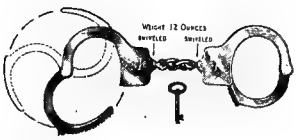

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Mary Scrambles the Eggs

(*Continued from page 47*)

and the eagerness of the hunt. But only the increased brilliancy of the Captain's hard gaze indicated his interest.

"The woman is staying at the Plavoy, you say?" Captain Cragg shot out his words like so many bullets.

"Yes, sir," answered Gary, with a sudden sinking of the heart. "But I'm sure—*dead* sure—*she's* an innocent party. Why—"

"Not likely," snapped the Captain, "but if she is she can prove it when the time comes. "O'Toole," he turned to Michael—"hop over to that hotel and nab 'em."

"Yes sir," Michael departed instantly.

"There's wan thing I want you should bear in mind, Captain," said Gary firmly. "'Tis not likely a guilty woman would be blabbin' to the first wan she meets that she was cook for the Granville's."

"You never can tell what women will do," replied the Captain, out of a long experience. "You've good chance to earn your stripes on this job, young fellow, and your orders are to keep in with that nursegirl and help us locate 'Levy'. Now go to it!" He waved the worried policeman out.

Within an hour Michael came to Gary in the park and told him that the birds had flown, leaving no trace. "And would ye believe it, Gary," said Michael, "the description I got of the man callin' himself 'Jake Bullen' tallies tit-for-tat with Jake Collerd— the dirty-work tool of Sparkler Gene. There's a deaf-mute hunchback in that gang who fascinates women—divil only knows how—and then robs 'em. And there's a thief called Poker George, who's so slick with his hands he could strip you of your union suit without your knowin' it. God!—if we can get them all—we're *made*, Gary, boy. The net's thrown round the whole town, and I'm prayin' they've not slipped through already."

"'Tis like black night in me soul to think o' that gurrl, Michael," groaned Gary. "I could swear she's a good gurrl—and, anyhow, I couldn't bear it to see her come to harm."

"Duty comes first," sternly counseled the elder O'Toole. "If ye have a chance and ye bungle it for a skirt—I'll never forgive ye, Gary. Here's your orders, that I have from the Captain—and see that ye follow them. If the woman comes into the park again, ye're to *keep* her here and ring in to headquarters."

"But ye *can't* arrest her!" protested Gary.

"We'll not *try* to—ye blockhead!" Michael was red-headed, too, and his temper was going. "We'll just put on a trailer and see where she goes to. Now, mind ye follow yer head—and not a bag o' mush inside of ye." And with this final, unsympathetic thrust, Michael was off.

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III

"Where the hell you been?" Jake barked at Mary, as she entered their suite, on returning from the park.

Mary's answer was to thrust the newspaper excitedly towards him. "Oh, Jake—*look!* Ain't this *awful!* And to think that only ten days ago I was makin' jelly omelette for Mr. Ted—just the way he liked it."

Her tears flowed afresh. "Why did ye make me leave poor ould Mrs. Granville without a bit o' notice, Jake? It wasn't kind at all—and Mr. Ted was always kind to—"

"Don't be a *fool!*" Jake admonished her savagely, his jaw set at an ugly slant. "You ought to be thanking your lucky stars you weren't there to get croaked yourself in the mix-up. Don't you dare let out to a soul that you used to work for them, or you'd find yourself in the lock-up. When a job like that is pulled off, the bulls are aching to put *somebody* in the pen for it, just to show how smart they are. Now—get this! You don't know nothin' about that stiff and his folks—you never heard of them before in your life. *Swear* it, now—on that thing you wear round your neck."

"Indade I'll *not* be swearin' anny lies on me rosary," declared Mary stoutly, adding hastily, as Jake glared at her and clenched his fists. "But of course I'll not be tellin' it, Jake, if you don't want me to. 'Twould mend nothin'. Only it sure did give me a turn when I read it."

"Well, you forget it, and keep your trap shut," ordered Jake, and as Mary started to remove her hat "Keep your lid on. Didn't I tell you to stick around till I got back? We're going to the home you're always yelling for—our stuff's there already. I just come back for you—though I'd a good mind not to. Step along now."

As they rode in Jake's low-hung green racing car, he grew more amiable and explained with a great air of frankness, "Fact is, I'm getting a house—two houses—through a sort of business arrangement. They're furnished swell—at least, one of 'em is—and there'll be other people staying there, too, part of the time."

"But it won't be like a hotel, will it, Jake?" Mary's tone was beseeching. "I don't mean to be unthankful for all ye're givin'—but I do want a kitchen I don't have to keep out of meself."

"You can keep house in this place all you like, kid. We don't want no strange servants snoopin' round. Fact is, you and me is kinda caretakers—on a grand scale."

"That sounds good," commented Mary, brightening.

After a matter of a dozen blocks down, and across Sixth Avenue, Jake stopped the car before one of those forlorn survivals of a former day—a high-stooped brownstone-front house in a neighborhood of little shops, with hotels and apartment houses on the block corners. Mary was disap-

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pointed by the dingy exterior of her new abode, but instantly cheered at the prospect of labor.

"I'll soon have them windows sparklin' like diamonds in the sun," she boasted. "There ain't anything about a house that can get the best of Mary O'Reilly—that was." She gave a little unconscious sigh for her lost girlhood.

"My Gawd! You'll not be washing windows! The deef and dumb bloke will do the scrubbing."

"The 'deef and dumb'—?" Mary paused, inarticulate with astonishment.

"Sure! Jake inserted his key in the lock of the inner door. "Joe's a queer old nut but he'll do what you tell him. You gotta show him, you know. Make the motions and he'll do the rest. He can read your lips a bit, too."

They were inside, in a dimly lit, narrow hall, with a musty dust choked smell. Between velvet portieres, an enormous head, set low on huge crooked shoulders, peered out at them.

"Ah there, Joe!" greeted Jake, as though the creature could hear him.

The head nodded solemnly, and huge hands pushed the portieres apart.

"How's this?" bragged Jake, striding over the threshold. "Some swell joint, eh, kid?"

Mary followed, smiling kindly at the deaf-mute and forcing her body not to shrink from him. Through open folding doors at the rear she saw the entire vista of the two large rooms composing the main floor. The front one was resplendent in tapestries, overstuffed furniture, and marble statues that made her jump; a glass cabinet full of objects Mary called "knick-knacks," and a handsome new Victrola. Her feet sank deep in soft rugs. The rear room appeared more like an office, all in sober dark wood, with a long table, and straight-backed chairs.

"It's grand, sure enough, Jake," agreed Mary politely. But her heart cried, "It's not home, at all, at all!"

"You bet it's grand!" Jake plainly resented the lack of warmth behind her praise. "Come along upstairs and fix your duds the way you want 'em. I chucked everything into the trunks and left them in our bedroom."

"Shouldn't I tell Joe to wash the windows first, Jake?"

"Good idea. You show him what you want done to get things in shape."

Mary was secretly afraid of the deaf-mute, with his suggestion of terrible strength and his uncanny silence. But she beckoned him to the window, took out her handkerchief, and went through the motions of scrubbing. He nodded vigorously. Then she drew her hand across the top of the cabinet and showed him her blackened, dusty palm. He nodded again.

"Now!" said Mary, enunciating with much mouth action and speaking loudly. And the huge, misshapen creature, with a strangely soft look in his pale eyes, bowed and retreated.

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After unpacking her own trunk and Jake's and hanging their clothes in the big closet of a back bedroom on the second floor, Mary came downstairs in her bedroom slippers and found her kitchen—way down in the basement. A big, dusky-cornered room, but somehow cheerier than upstairs, with its great coal range and rows of cupboards, and the low, newly plastered ceiling that shut it all in cosily. Two windows and a door opened onto a narrow back yard, with a strip of withered grass paralleling a cement walk that led clear through to the back doorstep of the house adjacent on the next block.

Noticing this, Mary recalled that Jake had said there were two houses.

"Oh, Jake!" she exclaimed, as he entered the kitchen. "You didn't show me the other house. Is that it?" She pointed out of the kitchen window.

Jake frowned. "You musta got me wrong," he growled. "Ain't one house enough for you?"

"Sure it is," placated Mary. "I was just thinkin'—"

"Thinkin'!" grouched Jake. "Well, you better break yourself of the habit. It ain't healthy for women to think."

Again came that warning knock upon Mary's heart. Why was Jake always contradicting himself and getting mad over nothing? Another face swam before her mind's eye—a kind, unselfishly distressed face, with eyes that said as plain as day—"I'm tryin' not to love ye, but I *do!*" Mary thrust the vision from her, with all the force of her clean young soul.

But try as she would to adjust herself happily to her new surroundings—she failed miserably. She could not make herself feel at home. There was something strangely disturbing about the deaf-mute servant. He moved so silently. Frequently she would find him close to her when she had not known he was anywhere about.

She held out for three days and then yielded to an overwhelming desire to see Gary O'Toole "once more." But the comfort and strength she had hoped to find in contact with an honest, simple-hearted nature like her own, was lacking. Gary O'Toole seemed a changed man. He was anxious enough to be with her, asking her to wait on a bench while he "rang in" on his round, and then escorting her clear out of the park—but his manner was strangely subdued and his eyes did not meet hers frankly, as before. Mary carried back to the grand house that was "not home, at all, at all," an even heavier heart than had gone with her from it.

IV.

Just once, at the Plavoy, had Mary worn her "naked dress," and tonight Jake made her put it on. He said there would be callers. The gown was fashioned of black chiffon velvet, cut to the curve of her womanly breasts and without sign of a sleeve to cover her amply-fleshed, milk-white arms.

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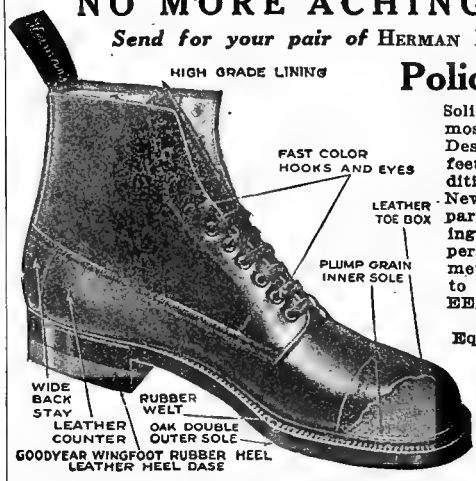

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Mary would have looked regal in it, if she had not hung her head in shame. A brilliant-studded, fan-shaped comb glinted in her dusky hair and a chain of pearls as large as peas hung to her waist. The costume sported a fashionable train, and Mary said she was like to kill herself—what with catchin' her high heels in the train, and pneumony in her bare chest.

Jake did not change to evening attire, and the two men who arrived shortly after nine also wore business suits, though of quieter pattern than his. One of them was very tall, hatchet-faced and darkly pallid; the other, middle-sized, heavier in build, and ruddy of complexion. But they were as alike as two peas in their utter absence of facial expression.

"Meet my Mary," was Jake's offhand introduction, not naming the men.

"Your Mary's a bit of all right," approved the shorter man, huskily, shaking Mary's hand and finding it unexpectedly chilly to the touch.

The other man merely nodded.

Following almost upon their heels, came a dudish little man with a cane, which he propped against the umbrella-stand in the hall. His personal reaction to "Meet my Mary" was an elegant bow from the waist. But as his neat body straightened, he stiffened, and stared fully at Mary out of round, hard eyes like agate marbles. Mary decided she hated this little Jewish rat most of all. He was more poisonous.

The men gathered in the back room, and the Rat took Jake aside and talked to him in a hissing undertone.

"My Gawd, Gene!" Mary heard Jake protest vigorously, "she don't even know nothing—and she's that *dumb*—"

The Rat hushed him with a muttered word and joined the others at the long table. Cigars were passed. The Rat looked at Jake meaningly.

"Hey, Mary,"—Jake spoke as though in obedience to that look. "Start the jazz in the parlor. Put on the records and keep her going."

Mary did as she was bid, and Jake, or someone, closed the folding doors. But behind them Mary did not look so meek. She compressed her soft lips and glared at the wooden partition with open animosity. So she "didn't know nothing," did she, and she was "that dumb," was she! The long line of her grievances against Jake Bullen rose up from their decent interments and confronted her—resurrected by one smaller than they—a mere suspicion of a slur upon her intelligence.

She started the "jazz," and when it was in full swing, gathered up her skirt by the train to the point of least impediment and tiptoed over the soft, soundless rug to the carelessly fastened door, which had slipped back, as unlatched folding doors will, and permitted a crack just wide enough for a bright, Irish-blue eye to see through.

But all it saw was an empty room with the table pushed to one side and the rug turned back. And then—Holy Mother!—a part of the floor rose, as though out of sheer caprice!

Mary crossed herself devoutly. And, as the head of the Rat appeared above the frolicsome section of flooring, she scurried back to the scraping needle and started a new tune.

Venturing another glance through the crack, she saw Joe and the Rat engaged in a lovely though soundless conversation on their fingers. Then Joe disappeared through the hall door.

The floor rose again, and Jake emerged. When he opened the folding doors wide enough to let his stocky body through, Mary was innocently engaged in changing a record.

"Say, kid," he requested genially, "beat it downstairs, will you, and toast them crackers and cheese the swell way you fix them. Joe can bring them up. You turn in then and get your beauty sleep. This ain't no hen party." He gave her one of his bruising kisses, and Mary became certain that he had been drinking.

"I wish the ould bootleg would kick him for good and all!" she muttered savagely, as she stumbled down the dark stairs to the basement. Then, in instant repentance, "God forgive me! 'Tis a wicked woman I'm gettin' to be—but 'tis sure fearful to think how young and strong I am, and how many years I'll be havin' to live with Jake Bullen."

Too absorbed in her troubled thoughts to wonder why the light showed so dimly through the glass in the kitchen door, she opened it and walked in. At the farther end of the big room, near the sink, a feeble gas-jet swayed in the draft from the open back door, and expired.

"Joe!" called Mary, forgetting that the deaf-mute could not hear her.

She started toward the range, beside which she knew was nailed a tin receptacle full of matches. But she had not taken more than three steps before she found herself held from behind, her body bent back, and her mouth forcibly gagged, before she could let loose the power of her healthy young lungs in a scream.

Her hands were deftly tied and she was picked up in huge arms and carried, running, the length of the kitchen and out the open door. And then, through the whirling chaos of her consciousness, flashed the discovery that her captor was *Joe*—the *deaf-mute!*

A moment of stunned surprise, and Mary resumed her vigorous struggles to avoid being carried anywhere against her will. But although she found good use, at last, for her French heels, and cruelly punished Joe with them, she might as well have been pummeling a block of wood, for all the apparent effect.

The deaf-mute carried her, willy-nilly, within the basement of the connecting house on the next block, along the dark passage-way, and into a room at the front. There he set her gently down in a creaking, padded rocking chair, and picking up a

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shawl that lay in readiness, placed it tenderly about her bare shoulders.

Mary no longer feared him. Again she forgot that he could not hear her, or even read her lips in the faint light sifting in from a street lamp. "Joe—ye're not meanin' to harm me, I know. But ye *must* let me go!"

A strangled grunt from Joe—a reassuring pat of his huge hand on her shoulder through the shawl, and he had left her—unbelievably *left* her—alone in the dark, in a strange cellar, with the door locked. She heard him turn the key.

Mary sat for a moment as though paralyzed. But her mind was racing. There was evil abroad this night. The shadow of it—looming larger and larger—had hung over her for days—weeks, even . . . yes, *ever since she'd known Jake Bullen!*

For the first time her doubt of him plainly voiced itself. How did she know where he got his money? What were those blank-faced men and that little Rat there for? And why had Jake made a mystery over this connecting empty house? An empty house—and she *stark alone* in it—bound and gagged!

Suddenly, Mary was afraid for herself. *Horribly* afraid! Screams caught in her throat and strangled there. She struggled wildly, in sheer terror of the black stillness all about her—and what it might contain.

The moment of physical fright passed. A moment only, though it seemed as though a century had gone by. Mary became again a reasoning human being, and by a supreme effort of the will, calmed herself to the point where she could begin to work, cleverly and persistently, to free herself from her bonds. Finally, she succeeded in freeing her hands. Then, after removing the gag, she stumbled to her feet and set out to explore the place for a means of egress.

It was a kind of storeroom, she judged. And the windows opening on the street were barred. Following this discovery, Mary felt along the wall, stumbling against various obstacles as she went, and finally came to a door at the rear, which opened at her touch.

It was a swing-door, and she held it open in order to permit the far-flung glimmer from the street lamp faintly to lessen the intense blackness beyond. A mountainous shadow she gauged as the furnace. Another, more sprawling, was probably coal. Did the furnace room contain a door to the passageway or back yard, or was it necessary to reach the passage by the storeroom door? And how could she hope to find out, in the velvet black?

She was afraid of losing the location of the swing-door if she ventured away from it, and feeling about with her foot, she experienced a thrill of victory on encountering an empty box which she was able to push against the door to hold it open. This accomplished, Mary picked up her train and extended her tour of exploration.

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There was no other door to the furnace room!

Mary closed her eyes and said her prayers.

On opening her eyes, she at once perceived an apparently unguarded slit above the mountain of coal. Was it only that wide, or did the coal hide further possibilities—no less than an opening roomy enough for a young woman of substance to crawl through!

It was a far chance, but Mary took it. And although it seemed as though for every inch she climbed, she fell back two, somehow she gained the top of that pile of coal, and in her clawing scramble shook down the mass sufficiently to reveal that she would have something more than bruises for her pains. She crawled through the aperture head first, and sprawled for a breathless moment on the bare ground just beneath.

Being normally vain, if Mary could have seen herself at that moment it is doubtful whether she would have made so determinedly as she did for the limelight. But it was not of herself she was thinking, now. Something was seriously wrong, that was plain—and her place was beside her husband. It was as simple as that to Mary.

Blocked by nothing worse than darkness, and in the more familiar surroundings of her new home, Mary reached the main floor. In the dim hall light she did not see the front door move, ever so slightly. But no sooner had the end of her train disappeared between the portieres at the front parlor doorway than the street door swung softly open and the silent forms of two men entered.

Mary's eyes were, by then, glued to the crack in the folding doors between the two parlors. The sight that met her gaze this time was almost as upsetting as before. All the men were seated about the table, intent upon a glittering pile of jeweled ornaments heaped in front of the Rat. Mary could see the jewels quite plainly, for the little man was holding them up, one by one—ropes of pearls—diamond rings and bracelets—an emerald pendant as big—why, it was the "spittin' image" of old Mrs. Granville's!

Mary pushed open the door.

Instantly, the Rat flung a handkerchief over the jewels.

Jake jumped up, overturning his chair.

The others sat as though petrified in their places, their dumfounded eyes upon Mary.

"My *Gawd!*" gasped Jake. "What's happened to you?"

"Why, nothin', Jake," dissembled Mary, airily unconscious of the weird design of broad black streaks thrown in high relief against her milk-white skin. "But I'd like to speak to ye a minute alone—if the gentlemen will excuse ye."

"Hands up!"

At the curt command, directly behind her, Mary gave a startled shriek and whirled about, while the hands of the four men around the table were reluctantly elevated.

Then—"*Gary O'Toole*—is it *you?*" cried Mary.

"What did I tell you?" hissed the Rat at Jake.

The eyes of the taller of the two intruders—the one with sanguine coloring and leveled revolver—veered for an instant toward Mary.

With an apparently single motion of incredible swiftness, Jake's right hand came down, drew a revolver, and fired—aiming at Mary's heart.

But quick as he was, the weapon of the man Mary had called "Gary O'Toole" barked first, getting Jake in the elbow and deflecting his aim. Jake's bullet merely plowed the fleshy part of Mary's arm. But she *thought* she was killed, and promptly fainted.

V.

Mary's wound was dressed in a prison hospital ward. A man with a face like a block of granite and eyes that seemed to see clear through to her soul came in and questioned her as she lay, dressed in prison uniform, on a narrow cot.

With him was the man Mary had mistaken for her Central Park champion. Except for his brick top and general ruddiness, he was not very much like Gary O'Toole, after all, seen in calm daylight. An older, heavier man he was, who took no part in the examination but silently regarded Mary, with a strange mixture of pity and resentment in his eyes.

Mary opened fire herself, as was her woman's privilege.

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"What for do ye be insultin' an honest woman by dressin' her up like a thafe?" she demanded hotly. "This ain't a hospital. It's a *jail.*"

"You had to be held for examination, and you needed care," explained Granite Face imperturbably. "You wouldn't have wanted to be left in that coal-smirched evening dress, I'm sure. Now, tell us, how did you get that way—all blackened up? Where had you been?"

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed Mary, in shocked remembrance. "I must have looked a sight! I niver thought of that. Ye see, Joe—that poor deaf-and-dumb crayture—do ye know Joe?"

Granite Face nodded.

"Well—he choked up me mouth and carried me into the other house—the one back of ours—and left me in the cellar. I got out by climbin' up the coal pile. But I ain't holdin' it against him," she added hastily. "Joe's only a poor zany. Ye haven't annything on him, have ye?"

The red-headed man muttered something. It sounded like, "Good God!" Granite Face grew even grimmer of countenance, but he said nothing, and Mary continued,

"And me husband, Jake Bullen, ain't to blame, neither." Narrowly watching the effect of this bold statement, her heart sank. "It's the little *Rat* ye want to go after." She sat up on her good elbow and argued earnestly. "I knew he was a bad one—the minute I laid eyes on him. 'Twas he put Jake up to shootin' at me—and everything."

"Jake says he never married you," remarked Granite Face, as casually as though commenting on the weather.

"Jake Bullen says that?" Mary slung her feet over the edge of the cot and sat bolt upright. "Where is the crayture? Take me to him!"

Granite Face looked at Brick Top, who answered the look, laconically. "Good idea, sir. Come along!"

Mary stalked in outraged dignity between the two men to the barred door of a prison cell.

At sight of Jake, thus held captive like an animal in the Zoo, her anger dropped from her like a cloak.

"Ah—'tis a terrible mess we're in, Jake," she sympathized through the grating, "But I've told them who's to blame and ye'll no doubt be a free man soon—and a good lesson learned to pick yer friends more careful like."

Brick Top, who had hung in the background, now came within the radius of Jake's eyes to whisper in Mary's ear, "Ask him did he say you're not married."

Jake, catching fire apparently from the sight of that bright head, leaped toward it with fists up and snarled, "What you coming round here for with your slut of an Irish cook? You're free to take my leavings, as I told you. I wasn't fool enough to saddle myself with her for keeps."

Gone was Mary's generous-hearted sympathy. Blue lightnings from her eyes fairly lit up the cell.

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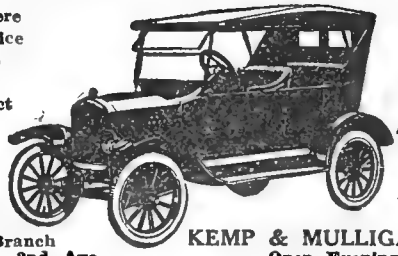

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"What's that ye're tellin'?" she shrilled. "The priest himself married us—and ye know it!"

"D'ya think only a priest can dress up in a black nightgown and mumble over you?" sneered Jake, maliciously enjoying the sight of Mary's blanching cheeks and horror-filled eyes.

Mary turned to Brick Top. "Could annything like he says be true?" she asked of him piteously. "Have I been livin' in sin with Jake Bullen and not knowin' it?"

"He's got another wife," Brick Top told her, straight from the shoulder. "Even if the ceremony was performed by someone with a legal right it will be annulled. But ye didn't know ye wasn't married proper. And that's all *I* wanted to know." He drew her gently out of Jake's sight, along the corridor.

"Take her home now, O'Toole, if you want to," said Granite Face, quite humanly. Mary had forgotten he was there, and at sound of the name "O'Toole" on his lips she started violently.

"Who are ye?" she demanded of Brick Top.

"Gary O'Toole's brother Michael, I am," he told her. "And I'm takin' you home to stay with my wife till ye're shut of this mess for good and all: This Jake's a bad egg, girl. The gamblin' joint they was fixin' up there was a Sunday school compared to some of that gang's tricks. Sure, Jake's the tool of the little demon you call the Rat—*we* call him Sparkler Gene. Jake's the guy that pulls the rough stuff—and it's à pretty sure bet that he bumped off young Granville the other night, when they was after the old dame's jewels."

"Jake killed my Mr. Ted!" cried Mary in horror. "No, no—I can't believe it!"

"*Your* Mr. Ted! How do you get that way?" O'Toole's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Why, I was cook in his mother's home," explained Mary simply. "She was a pennypinchin' ould crank—poor soul; but Mr. Ted was sure the nice jolly young gentleman I was tellin' Jake only the other day how sorry I was that he made me leave there without givin' notice, when Mr. Ted liked my cookin' so much."

"Did Jake know you when you were there?" asked Granite Face softly.

"Sure! He was the iceman." Mary turned candid blue eyes upon her questioner. "He told me his aunt had left him a fortune. Now would ye think a man with a respectable trade like that would take to crime?"

"I'm thinkin' the iceman's trade is a fine sideline for a crook," grinned O'Toole. "Look how they weigh short on ye."

"Oh, 'tis not jokin' I feel like about Jake," moaned Mary. "The more I think on it, the worse I feel."

"Better be glad you're alive," advised Granite Face, adding, with a sudden twinkle in his keen eyes, "Young woman, you're a living proof that God loves the Irish."

O'Toole smiled broadly at that, and offered further advice. "Your clothes are out at my home now, Miss Mary, and there's a fine white suit here for you to travel in. Hop into it and we'll start right along."

Granite Face questioned O'Toole in a tone too low for Mary to hear, but the latter's answer came with frank heartiness.

"You bet you can, Captain Cragg! *She's* all right—it don't take half an eye to see that."

On the way to his New Jersey home, O'Toole talked to Mary of his wife and four children and his job in the Service. He only mentioned his brother, Gary, once, when he said, "What with all the blue laws they're after makin' in America now, there's plenty of openings in the crime-detectin' and law-enforcin' line. I've been here a matter of ten years or so and I know how to get Gary in right. It's not long he'll stay just a park policeman. Gary's a fine, bright lad."

Although she was aching to hear more of this same "fine, bright lad," Mary merely blushed and looked out of the car window at the whirling scenery.

Comfortably seated, an hour or so later, in the O'Toole kitchen, her smart sailor and white coat removed and the O'Toole's youngest in her lap, Mary sniffed in the rich odors of stew in the pot and unburdened her soul to Mrs. Michael O'Toole.

"'Tis a sinful woman I am, Mrs. O'Toole," mourned Mary. "And all me life I've got to pay for it."

"There's two ways of lookin at that," reassured Mrs. O'Toole. "As Michael was sayin', ain't it the grand bit of luck ye was never married to that scoundrel at all. And that it is, Mary—for ye know we don't hold with divorce in our church."

"But whoiver would marry a poor crayture fallen from grace?" queried Mary, uncheered. "'Tis no man would respect me enough to put a ring on me finger."

Michael O'Toole opened a door and poked his red head through.

"Ye're wanted, young lady," he called softly, beckoning to Mary.

When she came, wonderingly, he opened the door wide, pushed her forward into the other room, and let himself back into the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

And there in the O'Toole parlor, with its brave array of family portraits and plush upholstery, stood Gary O'Toole—with outstretched arms.

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Fire Fiends

(*Continued from page* 43)

Chief that the firebug was a quiet, home-loving boy, because the fires were all set about ten o'clock at night; that he was left-handed and a pipe smoker. There was only one boy in town who fitted that description. He was brought in. He confessed to setting all the fires. He was a teacher in Sunday school and an apt student in high school. From the fires he got some satisfaction he could not explain. The Dutchman, long the butt of his fellows as a slow thinker, gloried in the manner in which he had solved the case although when he tells it he admits it was chiefly good guess work.

The discovery of a pyromaniac rests on just such elements of chance unless he is caught promptly at the scene of the fire. There is nothing more difficult than following down the clues of a fire after it has grown cold. Most of the traces of the pyromaniac have gone up in smoke.

It was sheer luck, compounded with good sense, which led to the discovery of the firebug who had destroyed the post office, depot, church, and high school in Washburn, Ill. Big Bill Ryan, fire investigator, came to town to discover a score of detectives, State fire officials and postal inspectors at work. They had concluded that the ragged son of a ne'er-do-well of the town was responsible. The boy had a bad school record; he was constantly in fights; he had been convicted of petty theft. Ryan, having specialized in pyromania, knew this was not the type from which pyromaniacs spring. He lounged about town, listening but seldom talking. Passing the scene of one fire he noticed a bit of pasteboard on the sidewalk. It was the business card of "The Great International Detective Agency," with headquarters in Washburn. Such a firm seemed out of place there to Ryan.

He found the cards had been printed by two well-to-do boys who acted as detectives for amusement. One of the boys was the son of a citizen who had been most active in accusing the town's tough boy of fire setting. Ryan questioned the two boys. The solid citizen's son confessed. The boy was sent to an asylum. Later he escaped and nothing was done about returning him to the asylum.

New fires sprang out in Washburn. Then came a story that the escaped pyromaniac had been found unconscious outside his father's garage, struck down with a monkey wrench. It seemed that perhaps the town's tough boy had been responsible. Ryan talked with the boy who had confessed before. He confessed again. This time it was that he had struck himself on the head with the monkey wrench in order to throw suspicion on the other boy. He was sent back to the asylum and kept there.

Unfortunately there has been little uniformity of law or practise in the different states in dealing with arson and pyromania. Georgia is the only state

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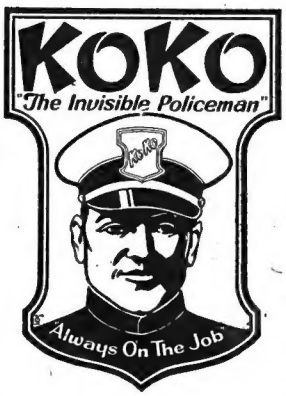

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to adopt the model arson law, recommended by the Fire Marshals' Association of North America and other organizations. Judges frequently send a dangerous pyromaniac to prison for punishment instead of to an asylum for cure or perpetual detention. Parents who find in a child an abnormal interest in fire endeavor to deal with the problem themselves, apparently feeling ashamed, as of a family skeleton, to consult a psychiatrist.

Young George C. Gustow, one of the most active pyromaniacs ever caught in New York City, was the son of respectable, well-to-do parents. They suspected his mania but did not know how to combat it. During the summer and fall of 1924 the suspicious fires on Manhattan increased two-fold. Mr. Brophy, watching the fire crowds, saw again and again the flaming face of Gustow peering from the fire lines. In his old records, Mr. Brophy found that a boy of much the same description, although younger, had been suspected of a series of fires many years before. He arrested Gustow who confessed to the fires of the present and the past. In the interim he had worked and studied and lived like a normal boy; his mania had seemed to have been overcome. Suddenly it seized him again. The mystery of his mind was greater to him even than to others. His normal self wept bitterly at the acts of his other self.

Sometimes pyromania appears in unbelievable places. A wealthy physician in a suburban town was disturbed and frightened by mysterious fires which were found in every part of his home. He and his wife sat up two nights trying to catch the culprit. The physician suspected one of the servants. They could not catch anyone in the act. Every time they moved out of a room a new fire started there. A policeman came. While he was putting out a fire in the pantry one sprang out in the physician's bedroom. While he was busy at that, a new fire started in the cellar. The policeman called for the Fire Department to send an engine and leave it outside the house; he was in a panic. No headway was made. The firemen were kept busy putting out fires all over the place. Finally, an outside investigator came in and talked with all the members of the household, including the policeman. He found from each sepaartely where the others were at the discovery of each fire. He found that just before each fire had become known the physician's wife had been missing for an instant. None had checked closely on the movements of the household before. Further it was found that the physician's wife was in a serious physical condition which explained her activities. But the physician would not believe it until shown the anonymous notes sent to the Fire Department warning in advance of the fires. They were in his wife's handwriting.

The pyromaniac appears to have been unknown before the existence of fire companies. Before the great London fire of 1866 there were neither insurance companies nor fire companies. That fire led to the first insurance companies and these com-

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panies were the first to organize fire fighting forces. Of the first fire companies, it has been written in Relton's History of Fire Insurance:

"They have a great many servants in livery with badges who are watermen and other lusty persons .... who are always ready when any sudden fires happen, which they are very laborious and dextrous in quenching."

These brought new excitement to the fire spectator. It is almost always for the pleasure of seeing the fire engines roll up and the firemen fight the flames that the pyromaniac lays his torch, not just to watch the flames themselves. Before that time there had been only one cause of incendiarism known, revenge. Now has been added the possibility of dishonest gain from insurance, which brings in the "torch" and his avaricious employer.

Arson has been for centuries a high crime. In the days of the Roman Empire it was punishable by death. It continued to be so down to the reign of King John of England. Under Edward I the punishment was made to fit the crime; the culprit was burned to death. Although, in the United States, the penalty has decreased to that of the ordinary felony, arson remains, like murder, with no statute of limitations; those suspected of arson may be prosecuted no matter how many years they are caught after the perpetration of the crime.

There has come, however, a radical change in the attitude of the public toward arson. Insurance companies complain that jurors and even judges seem to lean on the side of the incendiary and away from the insurance companies; if this is true it is because of the growth of the insurance companies into large corporations and the development of public suspicion of all powerful industries when opposed to an individual. With the greater protection of science against catastrophe by fire and with the expansion of public confidence in its own safety, men do not look upon the incendiary with the same horror and alarm as in the days when a single match might well destroy a city.

The pyromaniac goes to no lengths to prepare a fire. The desire does not present itself until an opportunity comes ready to his hand. Unlocked tenement doors disclosing debris piled below a stairway is an invitation to disaster. Cluttered yards, observable from the street, piles of waste, or unguarded inflammables, such as cans of gasoline and kerosene, may be just enough to tip the delicately balanced scales of a weak mind.

The prevention of pyromaniac fires rests and must continue to do so upon the public. Its selected law officers can only segregate, after the crime, those who are caught; they cannot foresee where the unbalanced mind of an unsuspected firebug may strike next. Nor is the fear of punishment a deterrent. The only defense the individual may make is that of care.

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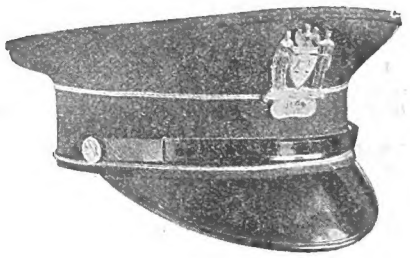

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